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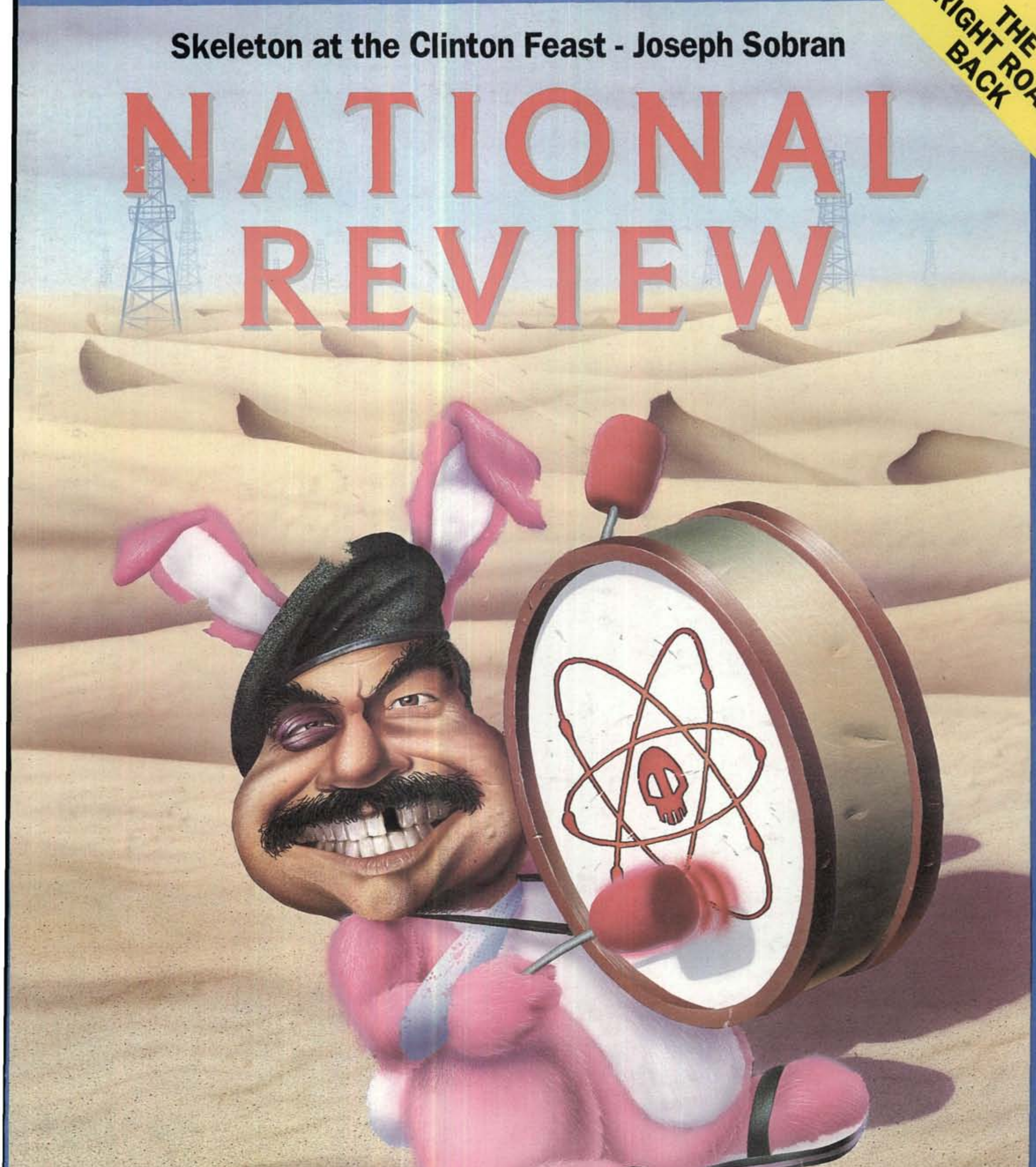
THE RIGHT ROAD BACK

Skeleton at the Clinton Feast - Joseph Sobran

NATIONAL REVIEW



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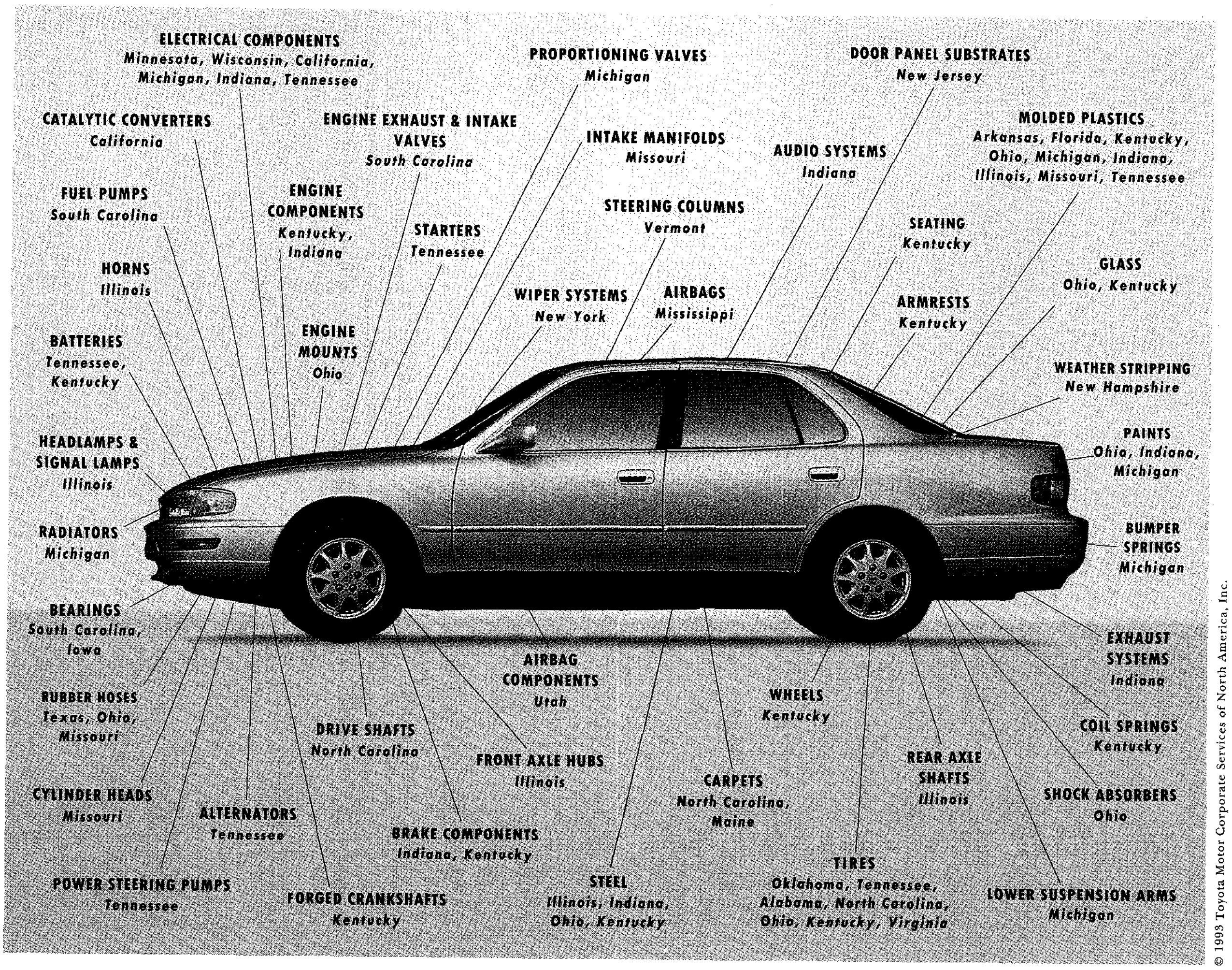
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NATIONAL REVIEW

FEBUARY 15, 1993 VOL. XLV, NO. 3

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LETTERS

Paved with Statistics

In his review of Jared Taylor's *Paved with Good Intentions* [Jan. 18], Peter Brimelow takes me to task for arguing that Taylor understates the continuing impact of racism in our society. My criticism of Taylor's book actually goes far deeper.

Funny how many conservatives decry the use of statistics to prove discrimination, but embrace them to show "endemic black criminality" or other socially destructive behavior. The fact is that most blacks and whites share similar values and want the same things. But many blacks face devastating barriers: abysmal schools, lack of jobs and entrepreneurial opportunities, dangerous neighborhoods, and on and on.

These wounds hardly are "self-inflicted." They mostly result from shamefully misguided policies that heap additional burdens on those remaining after centuries of slavery and Jim Crow. Taylor testifies powerfully to the repression and double standards that shackle debate on race issues. But the stereotypes he spins only deepen the racial divide, and do nothing to promote the understanding or solutions we so urgently need.

Clint Bolick
Vice President
Institute for Justice
Washington, D.C.

I am sorry to disagree further with Clint Bolick, whose work I respect. But I think he has failed to grasp the full import of Jared Taylor's work. It is simply the best presentation I've seen of the case that white racism is not now a major cause of the plight of the black community, and that blacks must bear their share of responsibility. If this is true, it should hardly be brushed aside as "stereotypes." And if faced honestly, it might well set us free. —PB

I was pleased to see Peter Brimelow's favorable review of my book. By writing about my book at all, Mr. Brimelow has done your readers more of a service than they realize, since the book has been reviewed in only five newspapers. Those five do *not* include the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Boston Globe*, or Sunday *New York Times*. What Mr. Brimelow is kind enough to call "the most important book published on the subject [race relations] in years" is one that the nation's most influential newspapers have chosen to ignore.

Jared Taylor
Louisville, Ky.

On Incompetency

Maurice Cranston's fictional debate between John Stuart Mill and Lord Acton ["Freedom and Nationhood," Jan. 18] was enjoyable, and also quite timely. What is lacking in the Cranston dialogue, however, is a third interlocutor who, by taking a position distinct from the other two, could make the discussion still more relevant to the Somalian situation. While Mill claims that foreign rule is always unacceptable, and Acton argues that it is acceptable if it is also competent, there is no one to champion the possibility of direct administration by the United Nations—that is, rule that is both foreign and incompetant.

George Edward Rocchio
Providence, R.I.

Naughty Norplant

You say that Norplant is not an abortifacient ["The Week," Dec. 28]. One way Norplant works is by suppressing ovulation in at least half of the menstrual cycles. Hormonal indicators of ovarian activity suggest that ovulation may occur in some of the remaining cycles, but Norplant makes the cervical mucus thicken, so sperm cannot pass easily through it into the uterus to fertilize the ova. In over 50 per cent of users, Norplant also suppresses the cyclical development of the endometrium (lining of the uterus). The effect of this is to cause the uterine wall to be inhospitable to any ovum that may become fertilized anyway, so that an early abortion occurs.

In addition to being an abortifacient, Norplant also has many serious side effects which are not widely known. Some of these include prolonged menstrual periods with intermittent spotting between cycles, and changes in lipid metabolism, which in turn leads to high blood pressure, risk of heart attack, and blood clotting. Ten per cent of women using Norplant have formed large ovarian cysts, usually requiring surgery. Studies show that 95 per cent of Norplant users had at least one side effect, and 61 per cent had two or more.

Norplant use on teenagers also poses the threat of an increase in sexually transmitted diseases and AIDS once the teenagers are made to think the risk of pregnancy no longer exists. Norplant is not the cure-all, miracle contraceptive that is being touted, but in more ways than one a life-threatening abortifacient that all women, including teenagers, should be given all the facts on.

Marie Tasy
New Brunswick, N.J.

Our Christian Nation

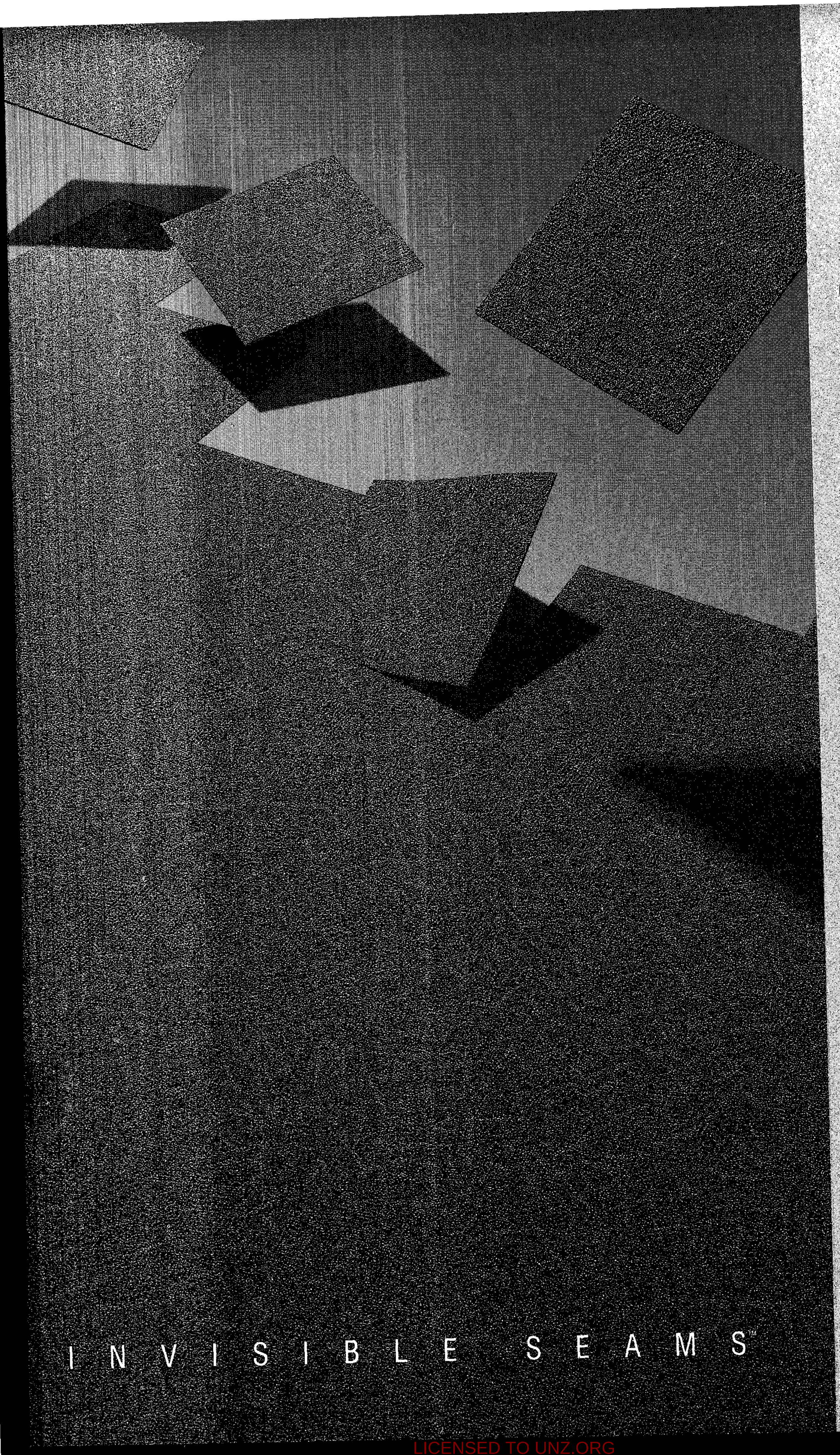
In regard to Mississippi Governor Kirk Fordice's assertion that the United States is a "Christian nation," you state that he "is accurate sociologically and historically; inaccurate constitutionally and, for most Christians, theologically" ["The Week," Dec. 14]. On the contrary, the record demonstrates that America's foundations were and are Christian sociologically, historically, *and* constitutionally.

In 1892 the U.S. Supreme Court expressly held in *Church of the Holy Trinity* v. *U.S.* that America "is a Christian nation." Upon the nation's founding, virtually every state required public office holders to believe in God, Jesus Christ, and the Bible.

Justice Joseph Story wrote: "The real object of the [First] Amendment was not to countenance, much less to advance Mahometanism or Judaism or infidelity by prostrating Christianity, but to exclude all rivalry among Christian sects, and to prevent any national ecclesiastical establishment. Probably at the time of the adoption . . . of the First Amendment . . . the general if not the universal sentiment in America was, that Christianity ought to receive encouragement from the State."

You say that "nations simply do not belong to an order of things that can be said to follow Christ, or partake of His nature." Yet, Psalm 2 states that the Lord holds those rulers in derision who take counsel against Him and His anointed. The kings and judges of the earth are instructed to "serve the Lord with fear" and to "Kiss the Son." Jesus Christ is "the ruler of the kings of the earth." Governor Fordice was correct.

Bill Graves
State Representative
Oklahoma City, Okla.



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FROM THE EDITOR

Hoping against Hope

■ *Washington, D.C.* I can take or leave Inaugurations. The formal ceremony has an austere republican dignity I admire, but it is better seen on television than from a spot on Washington's Mall on a chilly January morning.

If you are on the podium, it is presumably more appealing. Television can then confirm your importance to attentive lobbyists: "the man peering around the pillar is presidential wordsmith Clinton J. Williams Jr., who coined the phrase 'the New Undertaking' for the Convention speech. He's now in line for a Deputy Associate Assistantship at HUGE. Next to him is his wife, Emily Piranha Williams, still chief counsel at the Goodwill-to-All Foundation but hoping for a top job at the agency FOUL. In bureaucratic infighting, Peter, she's been known to tear out someone's liver and eat it raw. A very popular couple on the Washington dinner circuit, and clearly going places."

Those who attend the event as sightseers, like Joe Sobran in this issue, mainly get to see other members of the crowd. Oddly enough, these unknown people also come up with memorable phrases, at least when interviewed by journalists: "Yes, I voted for President Clinton. I thought he would give us Hope, introduce a kinda New Undertaking."

"And do you feel let down?"

"Sure do. So far it's not much different from Bush."

As for the balls, parties and other side celebrations, these lack the glamour of the Congress of Vienna. At President Reagan's 1981 Inaugural Ball, for instance, we could not dance because other guests occupied strategic positions on the dance floor, preparing to photograph the President.

At one point, a celebrity-spotter buttonholed the distinguished Sovietologist, Robert Conquest, to report that the Soviet ambassador was present.

"Serve him right," said Conquest.

This time I wasn't asked. Maybe it was something I wrote.

■ On television, the President's speech was bearable enough, uninspired but short. It also provided some clues to his intentions. Thus, the word "sacrifice" appeared suddenly, felt entirely out of place, apologized for intruding, and withdrew. One knew that it was a "marker," a prior justification of a tax hike that would have provoked consternation if openly announced.

As for Maya Angelou's poem—words fail us both. She is the poet who put the quota in quotation.

■ I arrived in Washington on the Friday evening—by which time the Democrats had left town—to attend the National Review Institute's "Conservative Summit" over the weekend.

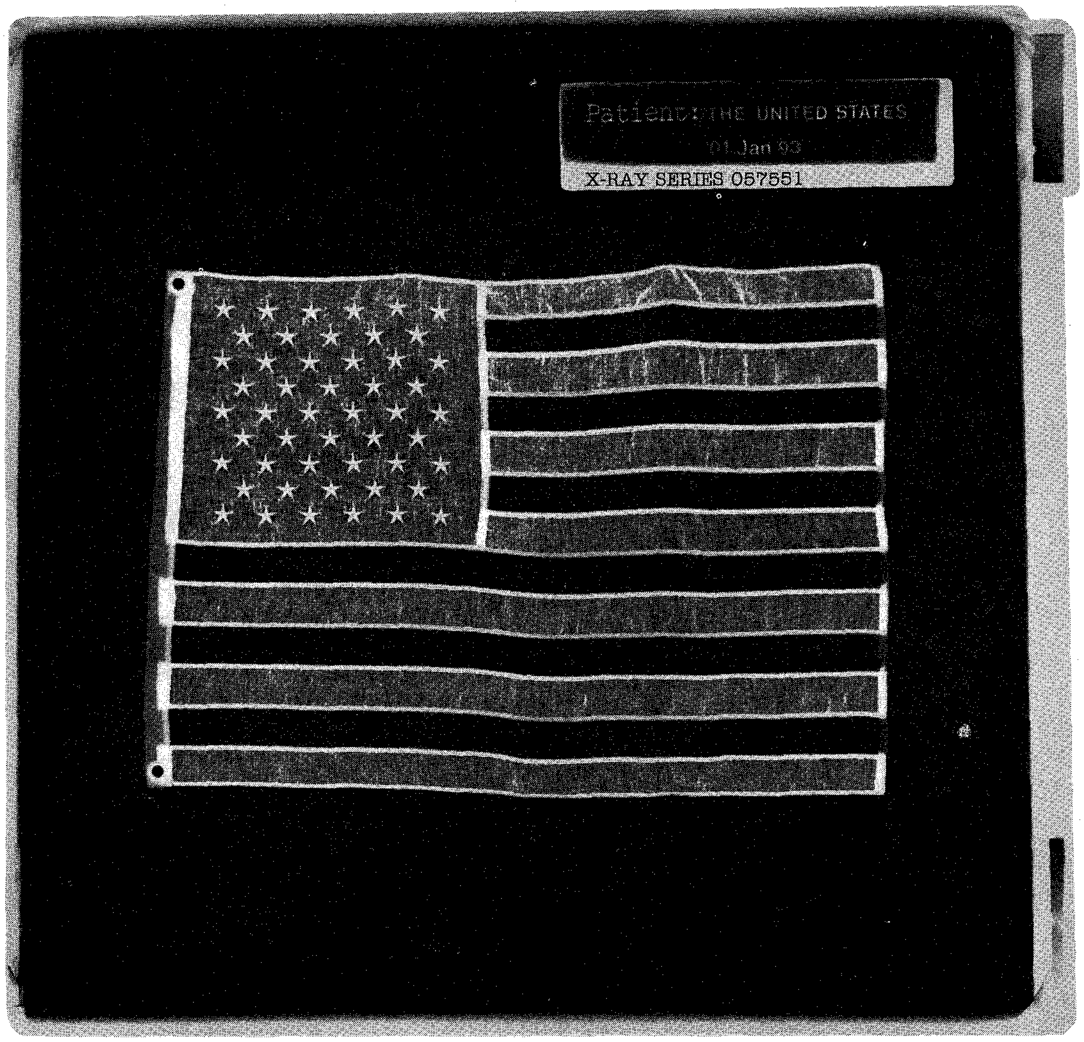
I expected it to be a success, assuming that others would be as keen as myself to take part in a fiesta of defiance. But I was unprepared for the enthusiastic atmosphere of unity that prevailed. It was as if the 800 people present wanted to demonstrate to the media that there was no substance to their persistent allegations of conservative infighting and division.

There was plenty of disagreement, of course. Notably, the different stress placed on economic incentives (by the partisans of Jack Kemp) and on moral values and "character" (by the followers of Bill Bennett) as solutions to urban poverty. But there was a feeling that these disputes should be debated with civility, indeed cordiality.

By the Sunday lunch, cordiality itself had been replaced by something much warmer. Any conservative leader who seeks to secure his own advancement at the expense of that sentiment would, I suspect, find his support shrinking very rapidly.

Of course, the withdrawal of Zoë Baird at the end of the President's first full day of power had raised conservative morale considerably. As the *Wall Street Journal*'s Paul Gigot said introducing one session: "The Clinton Administration—what went wrong?"

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN



What this country needs is health care that's been given a thorough examination.

Legislation for health care reform may be the toughest decision the 103rd Congress will ever have to make. A national magazine compared it to a process as complicated as overhauling the old Soviet economy. But it is long overdue.

As we see it, whatever legislation is enacted, certain criteria are essential for truly effective health care reform.

Does it provide guidelines for appropriate care?

Two patients with the same diagnosis who live in different communities shouldn't be treated differently. Both patients should be treated based on the best clinical knowledge available. In the past there has been little review of the appropriateness of individual treatments. In fact, some medical experts have concluded that up to 30 percent of all medical procedures may not be worthwhile.

We believe there should be explicit guidelines developed to determine which particular medical procedures produce the best patient outcomes, and which do not.

Does the plan encourage preventive care?

A plan that only provides benefits once a person has become sick, doesn't make much sense. Checkups, tests, and other measures that help people stay healthy are much more effective and a lot less expensive than treating people after they become ill.

Does it improve the delivery of health care?

The current incentive to provide more services rather than use medical resources more efficiently is a major reason why health care costs are well on their way to absorbing 18 percent of the economy by the year 2000.

The goal, as we see it, is to make sure all Americans receive quality health care at an affordable cost.

After all, the patient is us.

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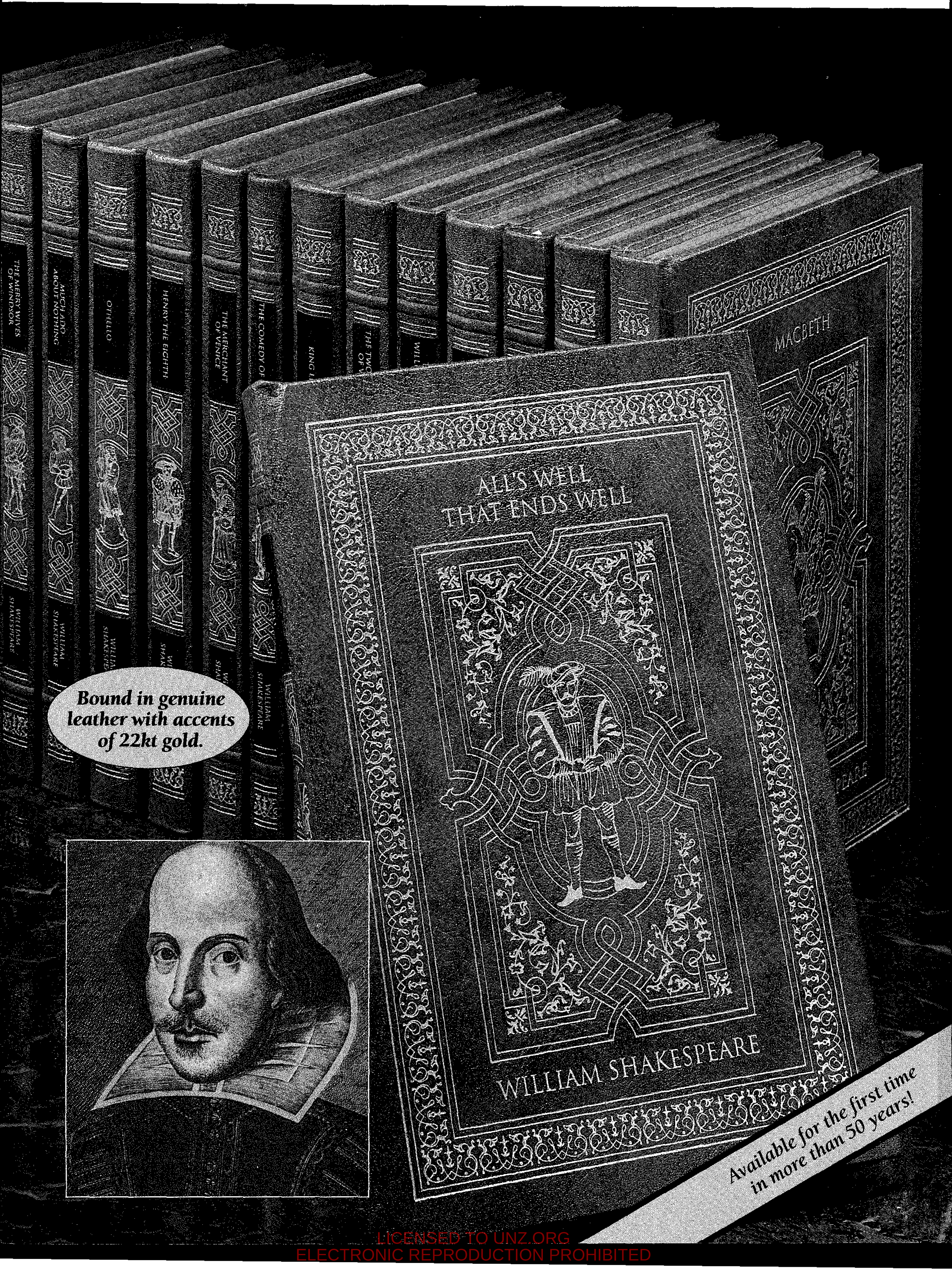
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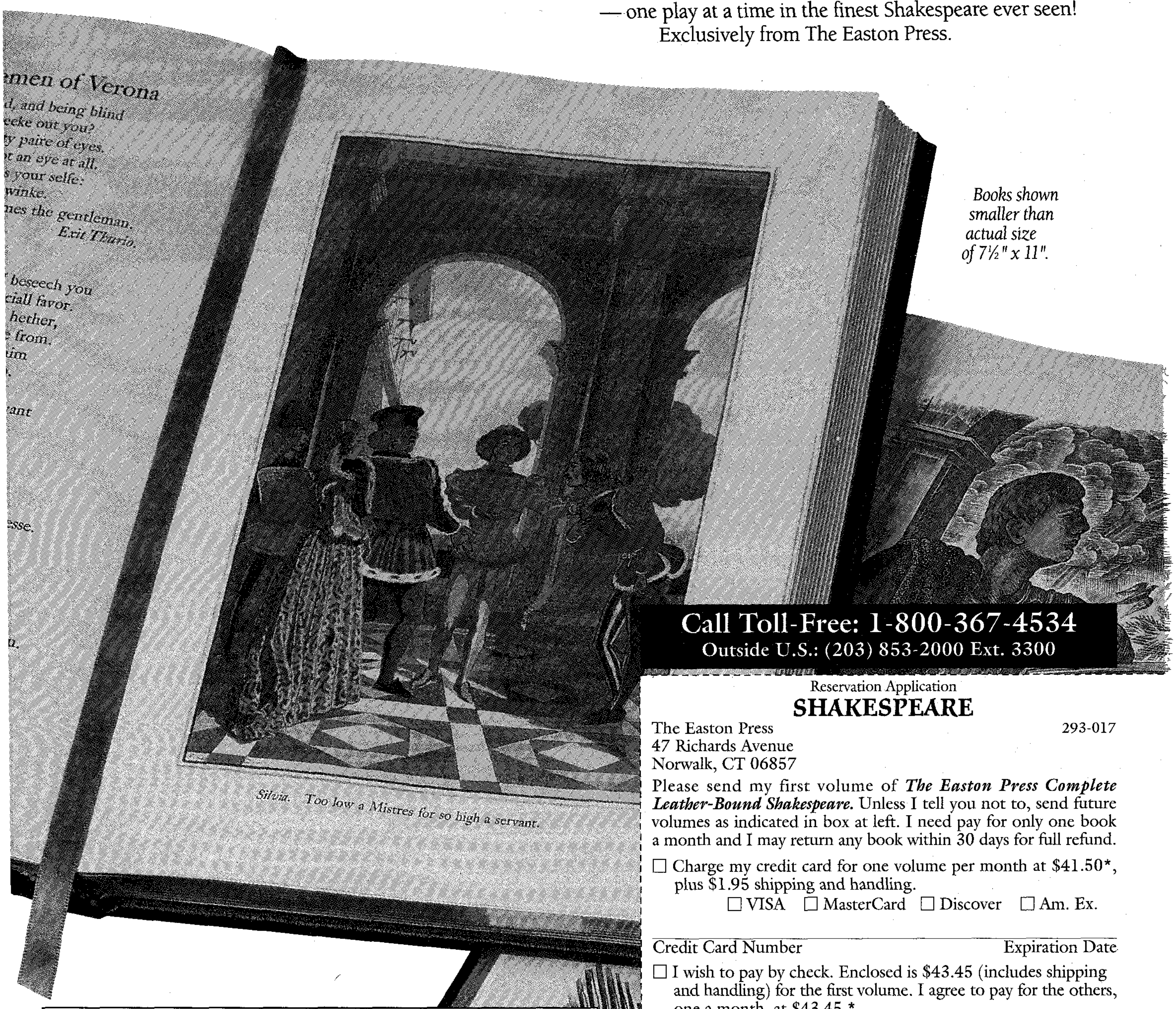

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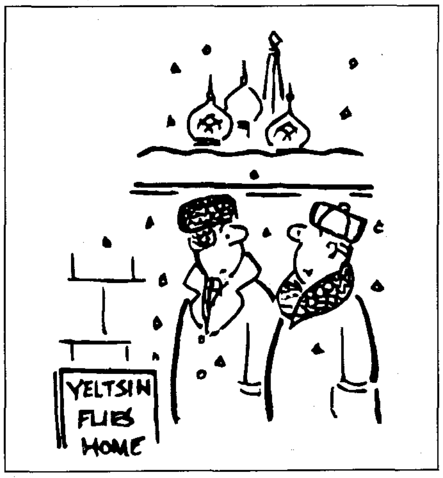
FOR THE RECORD

■ House Minority Whip **Newt Gingrich** seems likely to go for Minority Leader post in 1994, whether or not current leader **Bob Michel** runs again. **Ed Rollins** cautions that Gingrich "will not become the next leader without a serious challenge." Gingrich annoyed many conservatives last month by supporting liberal Republican **Nancy Johnson** for a House leadership position. Now Rep. Johnson, who lost race, is turning on him, telling *Wall Street Journal*: "He openly supported me," but "you can never tell." . . . Sen. **Malcolm Wallop** re-elected as chairman of Republican Steering Committee, an unofficial caucus of conservative senators. . . . On other side of aisle, freshman Democrats seething about their liberal party leadership. First of all, regional orientation sessions were held to prevent new members from taking Capitol by storm. In addition, Family Research Council's **Elizabeth Law** reports that pro-life Democrats were not given desired committee assignments because of abortion stance. . . . Swords drawn: In December, Senate Finance Chairman **Pat Moynihan** was Mr. Nice Guy: "Whatever the new President wants, I'll certainly try to get it for him." So far, none of **Bill Clinton**'s people have called. Moynihan told *Time*'s **Michael Kramer**: "[Clinton] either talks to us sooner or he talks to us later." Instead of calling, a top Administration official opened fire: "Moynihan supported **Bob Kerrey** . . . He's not one of us, and he can't control Finance like [former Chairman] **Bentsen** did. . . . We'll roll right over him if we have to." . . . Word is EPA administrator **Carol Browner** didn't do much to familiarize herself with new department before taking over. And calls to prospective aides came not from Browner but from office of **Al Gore**. . . . One person particularly supportive of Bill Clinton's "diverse" Cabinet is columnist **Carl Rowan**. Recalling experiences with Cabinet of LBJ, Rowan opines: "if there had been some diversity in that Cabinet, maybe **Lyndon Johnson** wouldn't have gone with all those macho soliloquies and gotten himself destroyed in the Vietnam War."

■ Did **Saddam Hussein** outmaneuver **George Bush**? Saddam "can reasonably argue to his people that his postwar policies have stabilized the economic situation while preserving Iraqi pride in resisting foreign pressures," says **Patrick Clawson** of the National Defense University. Saddam pleaded by way of the Vatican and other routes for a "dialogue" with UN Security Council. He also worked to get Russian hard-liners to challenge **Boris Yeltsin**'s support for U.S. actions in Iraq. . . . Baghdad is able to continue importing goods without selling oil thanks to King **Hussein**'s Jordan, which has flouted UN embargo; to Switzerland, Britain, Italy, and Canada, which have released $247 million in frozen assets; and to those in Tehran and Beirut who buy the loot from Kuwait he has been selling. . . . Japan's scandal-ridden Liberal Democrat Party is counting on marriage of Crown Prince **Naruhito** to Harvard-educated **Masako Owada** to provide excuse to postpone election until business has turned around. . . . *Economist* reports that "Japan faces a financial crisis as severe as the U.S. S&L debacle. There is nearly $500 billion of problem debt in the banking system. . . . Land prices have plunged and the stock market remains more than 50 per cent off its all-time high." . . . Prime Minister **Kiichi Miyazawa** was successful in getting **Hiroshi Nakajima** re-elected head of World Health Organization despite Washington's charges that Nakajima had squandered agency's $850-million budget and put relatives on payroll. . . . Vietnam agreed recently to permit Moscow to continue using Cam Rahn navy base (built by U.S.), despite Russia's inability to pay $400 million annual rent. Hanoi expects Moscow not to scale down forces as it had intended. This on heels of U.S. withdrawal from Philippine bases.



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"With a financial and political crisis it feels like a real Western democracy."

■ On night before inauguration, Sen. **Edward Kennedy** and Clinton aides attended rally of over one thousand gay-rights activists. The senator pledged to keep the President committed to the cause and told gays they were margin of victory in November. . . . Gay men in Seattle have been tattooing "HIV +" on groin area, says **Lamar Van Dyke** (a "nom de tattoo"). Miss Van Dyke thinks part of the reason is to protect against felony charges for intentional infection with HIV. **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** recommended similar tattoos in 1986. . . . Candidate Clinton promised Morality in Media—"aggressive enforcement of federal obscenity laws by the Justice Department." And in December he told *TV Guide*: "I saw a show the other night on during the family hour, and I was just mortified."

■ California GOP senatorial candidate **Bruce Herschensohn**, a favorite among conservatives, has joined Claremont Institute as Senior Fellow. . . . The newsletter *Compete* offers the private sector ways of dealing with growing government regulations. Contributing editors include **Patrick Korten** and **William Laffer**. For info, write to 1 Farragut Square South, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

■ **I. F. Stone** Award given to convict **Jon Marc Taylor** by *The Nation* for articles on behalf of prisoners' rights—"Pell Grants for Prisoners" among them.

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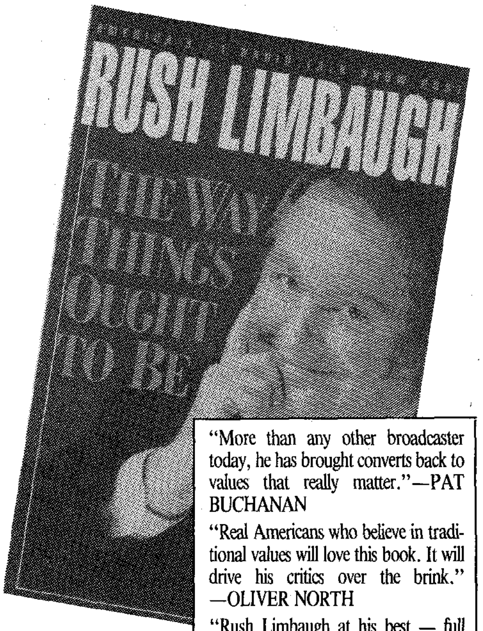

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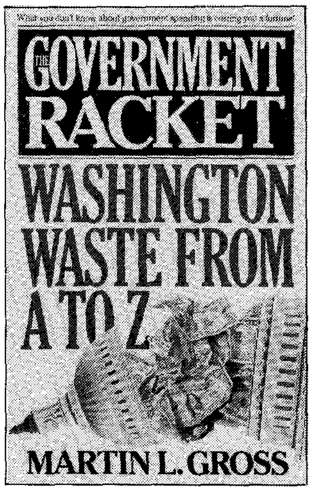
This man sat down and read the entire 2,000-page federal budget. And lived



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But this is more than a catalog of thievery. All 26 chapters conclude with practical suggestions for *eliminating* the waste and fraud —*suggestions which, if followed, would be enough to erase the runaway deficit*. More important, he spells out the unconstitutional usurpation of power on which our decrepit system rests — and how the electorate can help restore limited government. You remember limited government, don't you?

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THE WEEK

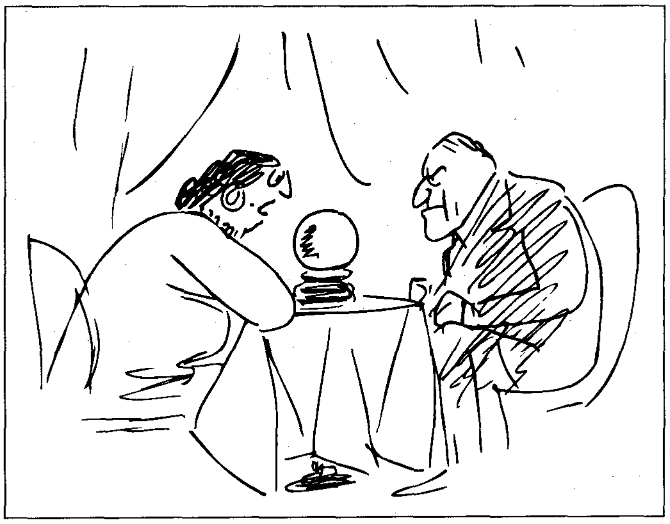
■ The *New York Times* recently reported that President Clinton is much more liberal than his image suggests. Which, we guess, makes him the political equivalent of the *Times*.

■ *NR*'s editorial last issue on George Stephanopoulos's possible violation of the Ethics in Government Act, along with a mention of the problem in *The New Republic*, has brought the accusations more visibility. The law prohibits senior congressional staff from dealing with their former employers for one year after their departure. Mr. Stephanopoulos was a senior aide to Representative Gephardt in 1991 and spent 1992 with the Clinton campaign, on at least one occasion acting as liaison with congressional Democratic leaders. The first response of Mr. Stephanopoulos's defenders was that, at his salary and grade level, he was not covered by the Act. More recently, on the Brinkley show, he shifted ground, conceding he may have been covered but denying he was lobbying. We hope others will look into this—including the Justice Department—and establish the truth. Meanwhile, we urge the President: Pardon Stephanopoulos *now*.

■ Promise Limbo is only two weeks old, and already it's getting kind of crowded in there. In the last fortnight, President Clinton 1) sent to the Senate as his nominee for secretary of health and human services Donna Shalala, who devoted only one sentence to welfare reform in her opening statement, even though candidate Clinton had promised to "end welfare as we know it"; 2) told the busy boatbuilders of Haiti that he would send them back forcibly if they tried to float ashore, even though during the campaign he had called the identical policy, as practiced by the Bush Administration, "cruel"; 3) sent Secretary of State Warren Christopher onto the Sunday talk shows to hedge about lifting the UN arms embargo on Bosnia, even though he had urged an end to it; 4) dispatched Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen to announce the strong possibility of an "energy tax," which is to be distinguished from the "backbreaking federal gas tax" candidate Clinton condemned because it taxes lots of other stuff besides gasoline. Mr. Clinton, who as candidate had told the anti-smoking lobby that he is "not now and never has been a smoker," was also seen to light up stogies on the golf links during the transition, though he may still, like Mario Cuomo, uphold policies to which he is personally opposed.

■ Perhaps also qualifying for Promise Limbo is Mr. Clinton's campaign posturing on Cuba. He had endorsed the Torricelli bill, which tightened the economic embargo on Cuba, thereby outflanking Mr. Bush on the right and making some inroads into the Cuban-American vote. Elected, he now drifts back toward his natural home—picking liberal Richard Feinberg for the National Security Council staff job dealing with Latin America and then lawyer Mario Baeza for the key position of assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs. Mr. Baeza has visited Cuba twice and lobbied for easing the embargo. Many Cuban-Americans who backed Bill Clinton feel double-crossed. Indeed.

■ Promise Hell: Then there are the promises he keeps. To cheers of feminists, President Clinton on the twentieth anniversary of *Roe* v. *Wade* set about reversing Reagan–Bush policy on abortion. He lifted restrictions on federal funding of fetal-tissue research (we'll now pay for experiments with tissue from bodies of intentionally aborted babies), UN population programs (Why worry about a few coerced abortions or sterilizations in China?), and abortion counseling (the so-called "gag rule"), as well as giving the OK to abortions in overseas military hospitals and clearing the way for importation of the RU-486 abortion pill. "The actions constitute virtually everything a President alone could do to remove restrictions that prevented women . . . from obtaining abortions," the *Washington Post* explained. Add to this his determination to give practicing homosexuals a right to serve in the military and his embrace of quotas in the Cabinet, and it's plain Mr. Clinton means what he says—when speaking out of the left side of his mouth.



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■ A *New Yorker* editorial offers this remarkable comment on Bill Clinton's inaugural address: "[H]is entire speech was an implicit refutation of the laissez-faire that has dominated American government for the past 12 years." Have we missed something? Federal spending actually *doubled* during those reactionary Reagan and Bush Administrations. If that's laissez-faire, what does *The New Yorker* think North Korea has? A mixed economy? Mr. Clinton's lawyer-laden Cabinet testifies to the real rising class in America: the folks who, producing nothing themselves, tangle up production and take a fat cut of the action. Good preparation for governing.

■ Memo to: Robert Rubin
In re: Family leave

So the Clinton Administration, elected on a platform of jobs, jobs, jobs, has decided to make the Family and Medical Leave Act its first domestic priority. As chairman of the Economic Security Council, you might alert your colleagues to the probable consequences of this seemingly benign legislation. The Small Business Administration calculates that this bill will cost employers an average of $1,995 for every worker taking the full 12 weeks of unpaid leave and health benefits. That may not seem like a lot. For many small companies, however, it exceeds the entire profit per worker for new hires. As a result, tens of thousands of workers, especially those with few skills, will either lose their jobs or be forced to work less than the 25-hour-per-week threshold the government has set for eligibility under the law. There will be beneficiaries, of course, but most will be high-income women, for whom the added $1,995 represents a small fraction of their total compensation. It is the working poor—traditionally the Democrats' hard-core constituency—who will suffer if this bill becomes law.

■ During the search for a post–Zoë Baird attorney general, the *New York Times* reported: "Men will also be considered for the Cabinet post." A comforting thought. Beyond reverse discrimination lies reverse equal opportunity.

Sacrifice

I think it slipped out toward the end,
But as my ears began to bend
I swear I heard the word; and though
He may have said it for Perot
(Who keeps a pointer at his side),
Tom Foley's eyeballs opened wide
And Richard Gephardt grabbed his gut
As if he'd gulped a halibut.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ The middle-class tax cut is dead. So is the gas tax. The Clinton Administration, quite cleverly we think, calls its newest revenue proposal an "energy tax." Gas taxes are paid by consumers at the pump or in their fuel bill. Energy taxes, by contrast, are hidden throughout the chain of production, and are paid by business—two big plusses for the Democrats. Politics aside, it really makes no difference whether the new tax is imposed on energy consumers or producers. The economic impact will be the same: business will try to push the burden onto consumers via price hikes, and consumers will counter by cutting back on energy use. Energy production will fall, and the entire economy will suffer as businessmen spend less on expanded capacity, and more on energy-saving equipment. Al Gore, of course, loves these taxes. The environmental benefits may be far less than he would have us believe, however, because the energy tax treats clean fuels like natural gas and hydropower no differently from coal and oil. Low-income people spend a disproportionate fraction of their budgets on energy. They will suffer the most.

■ The government of Chile went to some trouble to take an iceberg to Spain. Environmentalists complained that the iceberg should have been allowed to live in peace in Antarctica, so Chile took it back there, at a cost of $25,000. If you find anything odd about this story, you don't understand modern government.

■ *August 1969—"Agents 'Svyatoslav,' 'Adamant,' 'Altar,' 'Magister,' 'Roshchin,' and 'Zemnogorsky' went to England to take part in the work of the World Council of Churches Central Committee. Agents managed to avert hostile activities and to place agent 'Kuznetsov' in a high WCC post."* The February issue of *Reader's Digest* prints extracts from top-secret KGB documents apparently proving what all but liberals, fools, and the incurably naïve had long ago concluded: that the World Council of Churches has been infiltrated by Soviet agents. Senior Editor Joseph A. Harriss identifies "Kuznetsov" as Aleksei Sergeyevich Buyevsky, a lay member of the Foreign Relations Department of the Russian Orthodox Church's Moscow Patriarchate—and to this day a WCC Central Committee member. Another KGB memo confirms that Buyevsky and other agents supported the election of "a candidate acceptable to us," Uruguay's Emilio Castro, to the post of WCC General Secretary in 1985. Despite the Soviet collapse, there seems little hope of change under the new WCC General Secretary, Konrad Raiser. He has already confirmed his support of the notorious Program to Combat Racism, which has funded African

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terrorists. U.S. churches funnel some $3.4 million annually to the WCC. Mr. Harriss quotes our own religion editor Richard John Neuhaus, president of the Institute on Religion and Public Life: "Finally, and I say this most reluctantly, [ordinary churchgoers] can cut back their contributions by the percentage their church gives the WCC. This situation can be turned round by determined laymen."

■ The University of California at Berkeley has found a Berkeleyesque way of handling its most prickly problem: Andrew Martinez, the student who has achieved national notoriety by coming to class buck naked. It has suspended him for sexual harassment. We *knew* he was doing something wrong, but we couldn't put our finger on it.

■ Campus Watch: In April 1989 four graduate students at the University of Minnesota, apparently with encouragement from the school's administration, filed a sexual-harassment complaint against the Department of Scandinavian Studies and its core faculty (one of them a heterosexual female). Among the charges against the department: it sent students interested in literary theory (read: feminist theory) to the Department of Comparative Literature. Not too scintillating. The most serious accusation, that one professor asked a student about her undergarments, was made four years after the alleged incident, with no corroboration. But for seven months the university, giving every indication it considered Scandinavian Studies guilty, investigated the accusations while word of them spread nationwide. When the charges were dropped for lack of evidence, the complainants sued the university. (Barry Gross outlines the entire controversy in the Spring 1992 *Academic Questions.*) Now word is the university granted the accusers healthy financial compensation in an out-of-court settlement. Sweetening the deal, some faculty suspect, was the understanding that the university would require faculty and teaching assistants to attend sexual-harassment workshops. Liberal-arts faculty were outraged by a mandatory seminar in November, which they say included talk of the university's "hostile environment" (yes, but for whom?) and of—you guessed it—the victims of Scandinavian Studies' harassment. The long-running case shows that the witchhunt has undergone important revisions. Today the witches do the hunting.

■ The National Taxpayers Union Foundation has issued a monumental study of spending in the 102nd Congress. Called the Congressional Budget Tracking System, it records every spending measure offered or co-sponsored by every member of Congress. CBTS also offers full reports on spending measures and analyses of results, and it rates members on their spending ways. The Number 1 spender in the House was Eleanor Holmes Norton, who rolled up a net new spending total of $412 billion and change, all by herself. You can get information about CBTS, or a copy of the program on disk if you have an IBM-compatible personal computer, by writing to the NTUF at 404 Eighth Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. (Beware, though: the computer program uses more than 15 million bytes of memory, so have plenty of room on your hard disk.)

■ Atlanta will host the 1994 Super Bowl and the 1996 Olympics, and there is a move afoot to change the state flag, the Confederate battle flag. Naturally, there is resistance to the change, and we would usually expect to find ourselves on the side of tradition. However, the venerability of the Georgia flag is compromised by the fact that it was adopted only in 1956 to signify resistance to desegregation. So those who see it as demeaning to blacks have a solid point. Georgia should restore its older flag, as Governor Zell Miller urges, in conformity with its state motto, "Wisdom, justice, and moderation."

■ Little noted by the press, vegetable-rights activists raided the kitchen of the Willard Hotel in Washington, D.C., and liberated several vegetables and fruits that were to be murdered and eaten by PETA at its inauguration gala.

How It All Turned Out

Though Hillary made Tipper feel
She'd share the presidential seal
And Bill told Al he's "one of us"
While downing burgers on the bus,
Al chairs the Senate, where he bangs,
As Tipper suffers social pangs.

W. H. VON DREELE

Nanny and Zoë

WE FEEL a twinge of sympathy for Zoë Baird. Her tenure as a corporate general counsel and her support for Dan Quayle's tort-reform campaign suggested a relatively sane choice for attorney general. Ralph Nader's hysterical opposition confirmed our sentiment. And Miss Baird's replacement will almost certainly be worse.

But poor Miss Baird did herself in. It wasn't just the hiring of an undocumented alien couple as nanny and driver—since 1986 a federal crime, and one particularly inappropriate for a putative boss of the FBI

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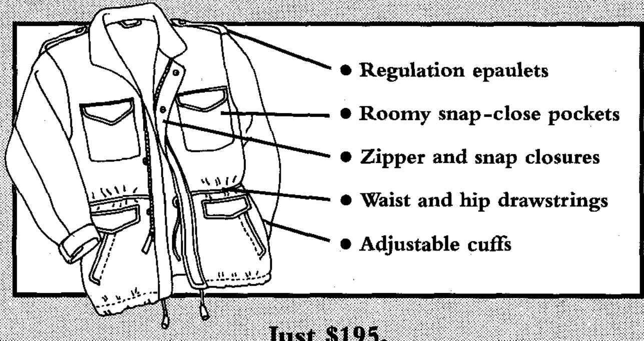

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and INS. The quick firing of the unfortunate couple right after the election suggested a combination of ruthlessness and guilty conscience.

The Washington drama that unfolded thereafter was fascinating to watch. Democratic senators were not making a big deal of the nanny problem (just as Clinton transition officials had minimized it). Didn't everyone do it? Well, everyone they knew. Republicans were equally indulgent because they saw Miss Baird (rightly or wrongly) as a closet moderate. And the challenge from Mr. Nader and his lobby of wealthy trial lawyers, though naturally well financed, had too rank a smell to succeed on its own.

But when the story of the Peruvian couple hit the evening news, *vox populi* was heard in a roar. Radio call-in shows became the kind of national town meeting that both Bill Clinton and Ross Perot had called for. Mail and phone calls to congressional offices were overwhelming and negative. Just as with the congressional pay raise of 1989, Washington was rudely reminded how out of touch it was with public sentiment. Much of this was class-war demagogy of a crude and resentful kind. That it was directed against "people like them" came as a particular shock for many liberal yuppies, who had imagined their meritocratic prosperity to be popularly validated by their identification with compassionate causes.

There are important lessons here. Democrats are already arguing that it proves the need for free national child care. We can well imagine that yuppie liberals would like to see the taxpayer-finance their nannies—a considerable improvement on merely avoiding the taxes consequent on employing the nannies themselves. We reach exactly the opposite conclusion. What the Zoë Baird episode illustrates is the constitutional and practical folly of introducing forms of taxation that can only be collected by coercing ordinary citizens into becoming unpaid IRS agents. Miss Baird—like, we suspect, almost all of Mr. Clinton's actual and potential appointees—thought herself above this legal obligation; she is probably the only one of them sensible enough to think the legal obligation a bad thing. And morally, is her action very different from President Clinton's sending his daughter to a private school while denying private-school choice to most Americans?

Falling on His Sword

ANY MILITARY man can tell you that a strategic retreat is the most dangerous of all maneuvers; with ill luck, it can turn into a rout. This is the lesson our military are teaching Bill Clinton over the ban on gays in the armed forces.

At a Blair House meeting the Sunday before the inauguration, Mr. Clinton decided on a two-part strategy: the Defense Department would immediately cease asking recruits or personnel about their sexual preference; but any more formal step—such as an Executive Order, or legislation lifting the ban on sodomy in the Uniform Code of Military Justice—would come only after a six-month effort to build a coalition of support in Congress. Even this fallback procedure is proving dangerous.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff remain passionately opposed to changing the policy. Rumors fly that some of them (perhaps even Chairman Colin Powell) would rather resign. Congress agrees with them. On January 18 Defense Secretary Les Aspin sent the President a memo (which has leaked) reporting Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell's assessment that the Administration could count on thirty votes in the Senate at most. Mr. Aspin recommended that the Defense Department take the first step—the change in internal procedures—and then wait and see, hoping not to provoke Congress into reinstating the original policy by law.

Whatever option Mr. Clinton now chooses, this represents an extraordinary defeat—and one pregnant with significance for him. It reveals, in humiliating fashion, the limits of his mandate. The Republicans, led by Senator Dan Coats of Indiana, are solidly in opposition. But the Southern Democrats, too, are in open revolt. A bipartisan majority of the Senate Armed Services Committee, including Chairman Sam Nunn, are believed to oppose the change. Even Mr. Aspin, in his wavering, was demonstrating his interest in maintaining the loyalty of the people under him, which he was not eager to forfeit in the first week of his term. The last thing a new President wants in *his* first week is a blow-up that so dramatically advertises his political weakness vis-à-vis the Congress and his own party. On top of that, the longer the controversy lasts, the more it undercuts Mr. Clinton's vaunted effort to woo the conservative Perot constituency for 1996.

There is a platitude that a President's mistakes should come early if he is to learn from them (the Bay of Pigs and all that). The lesson here is the pitfall of appeasing the Left. But if Mr. Clinton continues to pack his Administration with liberals, he will find himself appeasing the Left willy-nilly. We look forward to seeing whom he nominates to the National Endowment for the Arts.

Looking for a Leader

FOR THE FIRST TIME in 16 years, Republican Party leaders will vote, on January 29, to decide who will be chairman of their national committee. It is a crucial choice, not simply for internal party reasons—on which NATIONAL REVIEW would not rush to comment—but also for the health of the two-party system. Despite the growth during the 1980s in the number of voters identifying themselves as Republicans, the GOP has come nowhere near matching the electoral strength of the Democratic Party nationwide. It missed opportunity after opportunity in the last decade to turn admiration for Reaganite policies into Republican votes. And now that it has lost the White House, it is deprived of its sole compensation for this miserable performance. Alas, the revival of Republican fortunes cannot be left to an able but essentially uninspiring establishment figure like Senator Dole. A vigorous, imaginative, and trusted RNC chairman is needed.

Who should it be? The ideal RNC chairman would possess three characteristics: the nuts-and-bolts ability to run a political organization; the combina-

RIGHT DATA

Behind the Deficit

WHEN confronted with last deficit projection for 1993, and the forecasts of still larger imbalances in future years, Dick Darman said, "I thought we'd have more time." Based on the budget director's performance, we're glad he didn't:

FEDERAL SPENDING, REVENUES AND DEFICIT
(Billions of Dollars)

	1989	1993	% Change
National Defense	$303.6	$289.3	–4.7
Social Security	232.5	304.7	31.1
Medicare	85.0	132.8	56.2
Health Programs	48.4	105.0	116.9
Transfer Payments	136.0	207.4	52.5
Infrastructure	51.9	72.8	40.3
Net Interest	169.3	202.8	19.8
Other	116.5	160.1	37.4
Total Spending	$1,143.2	$1,474.9	29.0
Total Revenues	989.7	1,147.6	16.0
Deficit	$153.5	$327.3	113.2

The Federal Government will spend $332 billion, or 29 per cent, more this year than it did the year George Bush was inaugurated. By comparison, consumer prices rose 16 per cent, and economic growth was a mere 6.6 per cent over the same period. Revenues kept pace with inflation, but they were no match for spending. The deficit more than doubled.

Although Social Security is the largest federal program, and accounted for one-quarter of the budget growth since 1989, it is not responsible for the current deficit. Indeed, the Social Security trust fund will record a surplus of more than $100 billion this year, reflecting the excess of payroll-tax receipts over benefits paid to retirees. The surplus is spent on other government programs, a practice that has been widely criticized.

The real culprits are federal health programs. Medicaid spending, for example, after being held to a 14 per cent average annual growth rate under President Carter, and 9.5 per cent under Ronald Reagan, exploded at a 25 per cent annual rate in the Bush/Darman regime. Medicare and other federal health programs will account for 16.1 per cent of the budget this year, versus 11.7 per cent in 1989.

Apologists insist that this trend was inevitable, given the recession and the enormous inflation in health costs. But Medicaid eligibility was expanded in recent years, along with the number of covered services. Significant liberalization also occurred in the Head Start program, child nutrition, unemployment insurance, prenatal care. The nation's largest welfare program—Aid to Families with Dependent Children—saw its enrollment increase by 25 per cent since January 1989, far faster than the rise in the poverty population.

Public-policy experts estimate that the recession, the aging U.S. population, and inflation together explain 60 per cent of the increase in domestic spending. The remaining 40 per cent reflects program changes proposed by the Bush Administration, or congressional initiatives approved by it.

Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid are well protected politically. Interest payments must be made. President Clinton might in theory cut the deficit in half by attacking the waste, fraud, and mismanagement that the General Accounting Office says costs the taxpayers $180 billion each year. But only the most exuberant optimist could imagine a government free of waste, fraud, and mismanagement.

There was a glimmer of hope last year. The deficit forecast for fiscal 1992 was reduced from $400 billion at the start of the year to $325 billion by mid-year. The actual deficit was only $290 billion. Good news? Not exactly. Most of the decline was due to Congress's failure to enact additional funding for the S&L bailout, a delay which many believe will eventually increase the total cost of the cleanup. When it comes to the deficit, even good news is bad news. —ED RUBENSTEIN tion of affability and toughness needed to unite the fractious brethren; and the public standing to be an effective national spokesman. None of the candidates possesses all these virtues; each has some basis for claiming the post. Haley Barbour is a skilled, experienced, and amiable political technician; Bo Calloway is a good ol' boy, a shrewd Southern political warhorse who would have made a fine RNC chairman in a different era; John Ashcroft was an excellent governor and is a principled conservative; and Spencer Abraham, no less conservative, has a successful record at virtually every level of political organization from the precinct up.

In our view, though all four have good credentials, the choice for conservatives is between Mr. Ashcroft and Mr. Abraham. Mr. Ashcroft's record is good. He would certainly be an effective public spokesman and a competent organizer. Unfortunately, however, his backers include the current chairman and other veterans of the Bush campaign. The fact that he is backed by the wizards who gave us a severe and needless Republican defeat promotes the suspicion that he would blur rather than clarify any new Republican agenda. At a time when the GOP trumpet needs to send forth a clarion call, that is not a risk the party can take.

We believe Spencer Abraham's elevation from chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, where he did fine work, to chairman of the RNC would be the better bet. His focus would be on building the party's base to give it organizational strength and on choosing competent candidates not only for races in 1993 and '94, but well into the future. He would wed his uncontested administrative skills to the sound conservative principles he demonstrated as a founder of the Federalist Society. Nor is that all. Mr. Abraham is no Beltway insider, but in the short time he spent at the national congressional committee he encountered—and learned from battling with—the inertial power of the Washington establishment. His approach, combining a quiet, self-confident conservatism with targeted organizational hard work, was the precise opposite of the directionless vapidity of the Bush campaign. That approach is what the Republican Party needs today. In our view, Mr. Abraham is the best man to provide it.

Counting Costs

BEFORE Christmas, President-elect Bill Clinton huffed that feminist "bean-counters" were playing "quota games" with his Cabinet selections. But out of the other side of his mouth, he has been boasting about an Administration that "looks like America," i.e., is chosen by racial and gender quotas to favor key elements in the Democratic electoral coalition. This hypocrisy is typical of affirmative action, a policy conceived in lies and sustained by intimidation since the subversion of the color-blind 1965 Civil Rights Act by liberal bureaucrats and judges. Scandalously, academic economists have never made any attempt even to measure its cost, although economic-impact studies are regularly performed in other regulatory areas such as the environment. Now the silence has been broken.

In a massively detailed article in the February 15 *Forbes*, senior editor Peter Brimelow (now also an *NR* contributing editor) and co-author Leslie Spencer trace the way in which politics is assuming command of the American economy in the form of pervasive "equal opportunity" enforcement. And the authors dare to make their own estimate of affirmative action's impact on the economy: they think that in 1991 the direct and indirect cost of quotas, of imposing them and complying with them, amounted to between $112 and $115 billion. The "opportunity cost"—what the economy might have achieved without the misallocative effect of quotas—amounted to at least 4 per cent of 1991 GNP.

Even immigrants, if they belong to one of the "protected classes," are eligible for quota preferences—which Brimelow and Spencer describe as "a pretty clear indication that quotas are not about righting past wrongs at all, but about . . . political power." The quota system, they say, is a "peculiarly American form of neosocialism." But they conclude that Americans will probably not be able to talk rationally about race until the generation that remembers segregation has died off. Even Nobel laureate Gary Becker, author of the standard free-market analysis *The Economics of Discrimination*, refused to tell them what he thought would be ideal public policy in the area ("I have views on it, but I don't want to talk about it"). Which may make George Bush's capitulation over the 1991 Civil Rights Act, which retroactively ratified much quota policy, humanly understandable. But not less wrong.

Infrastructure Talking Blues

'THE 1980s saw the concrete foundations of the United States crumble as the investment gap widened between America and our global competitors," candidate Clinton declared in his manifesto Putting People First. New highways and high-speed railroads would not only create tens of thousands of new jobs, but also make America "competitive again," said the man on his way to the White House.

Sounds good, but according to a study by the National Bureau of Economic Research (NBER) in Cambridge, Mass., it's baloney. In a paper titled

"Public-Sector Capital and the Productivity Puzzle" economic researcher Douglas Holtz-Eakin analyzes various influences on economic productivity. The statistical analysis, he concludes, shows "no effect" on productivity from public investment in infrastructure. Zero. Zilch.

Mr. Holtz-Eakin does say that such public works often provide direct consumer benefits—fewer traffic jams for commuters, for example, and more comfortable trains. But there is no evidence they will help U.S. business compete with Japan.

Part of the problem apparently is that when government goes in for infrastructure, it is politics that decides the priorities, not marketplace demand—public works are political "pork." And they tend to be built and administered by agencies that have all the entrepreneurial flair and managerial finesse of the old apparatchiks in charge of the Ministry of Heavy Industries steel mill in Dnepropetrovsk. (Remember those cartoons in *Krokodil* showing the celebrations of record monthly steel production with a whale-sized nail on display as evidence of the factory's proud "over-fulfillment" of the steel-product target in the five-year plan?)

Mr. Clinton's Vice President, Al Gore, has advocated a major expansion of government support for scientific research, and the NBER has just published a paper on this too. Researcher Frank Lichtenberg in "R&D Investment and International Productivity Differences" finds the costs of government-sponsored research regularly outweigh the benefits and that it has a "negligible" effect on national productivity. By contrast, private R&D is strongly associated with the economic growth rate. Concludes Mr. Lichtenberg: "The net impact on productivity of government R&D is lower than the return on privately funded R&D and may be nil or even negative." These studies completely undermine the Administration's microeconomic approach. But have you noticed, you can never find a policy wonk when you really need one?

Das Neues Yorker

UNDER previous editors, *The New Yorker* was hardly ever confused with *Neues Deutschland*, house organ of the old East German Communist Party. But under the editorship of dynamic, hard-hitting (etc., etc.) Tina Brown, we have been bombarded by various conspiracy theories, by accounts of the crimes of the U.S. Government, and by Tony Hiss's filial defense of his father the spy. Nothing prepared us, however, for the January 11 "Talk of the Town," which contained an account of the Berlin trial of former Party boss Erich Honecker that was straight out of Agitprop Heaven.

In real life, Honecker was a bureaucratic thug with a lifestyle borrowed from Aristotle Onassis—yachts, hunting lodges, pornography. In *The New Yorker*, however, Honecker stood in court with his back straight, "a symbol of incorruptibility in Germany." His manner was "very calm"; onlookers, if they watched closely, might see not a villain but "the remains of a hero, the aftermath of heroism." Honecker's "enthusiasm for the working class and for Communism," we were told, "is still fresh, boyish . . . Neither old age nor years of authority seem to have altered Honecker's ideals." (True enough, but not in the way the writer meant.)

Then we discovered that the anonymous puffer was one Irene Dische, an American-born hackette currently married to Honecker's defense lawyer. Truly a marriage of convenience. *The New Yorker* took heavy criticism for not revealing this conflict of interest. Even the Berlin court complained that Miss Dische had abused her privileged access to the proceedings.

But these are trivial points. Even if Miss Dische had been as independent as she is untalented, why would *The New Yorker* even consider publishing such Stalinist drivel?

Audrey Hepburn, R I P

HER TEETH were not straight, her feet were too big, her chest was slightly flat, yet she lit up the screen with her elegance, beauty, and pixieish charm, as aristocratic and stylish a presence as Hollywood ever tolerated. Audrey Hepburn won an Oscar for playing a princess in *Roman Holiday*, a role that came to her as naturally as any blueblood. Which she was. Her mother was a Dutch baroness, her father a British lawyer. She had a impossibly regal, elegant neck, large eyes that said it all, and the most melting of smiles. She could also play the waif, and when she did, teenage girls would cut their hair *à la* Audrey or, better yet, Holly Golightly, a part no one has ever dared play since.

She was a true European actress whom Americans took to their heart, because John Q. Public realized early on that what you saw is what you got. Hep-

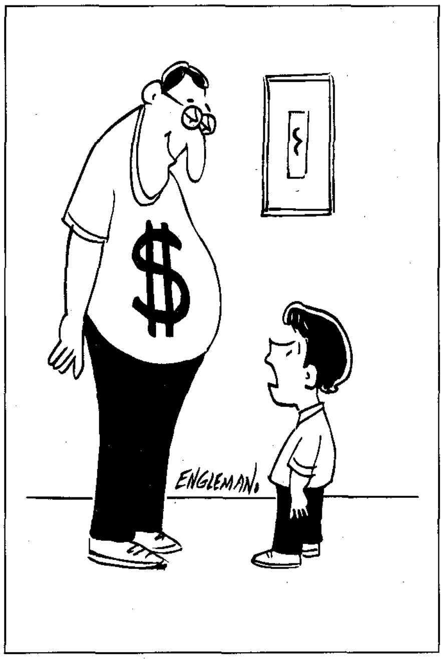
The Umbrella Man

Cyrus Vance, who'd confer with the Devil
While insisting the fiend's on the level,
    Gives the Bosnians what
    Britain's government got
When it left the decisions to Neville.

W. H. VON DREELE

burn never had to take her clothes off, and never uttered a swear word on or off the screen. Although she played so many different kinds of roles, her forte was the stylish comedy, and legendary bitchy types such as Noel Coward, Cecil Beaton, and Truman Capote were unreconstructed fans of hers. And, like Garbo, she knew exactly when to quit.

She lived a quiet and altruistic life, based in Switzerland but traveling full time for UNICEF. When relaxing in Gstaad she chose as her sport cross-country skiing, and although she skied slowly, she was ever so elegant. She was not so lucky in her private life, but found real happiness in the last ten years with her Dutch companion. What she will be remembered for most is her fragile beauty, inside and out. Throughout her life she was a role model for the young. She died the day rock-and-roll became the official White House music, which may or may not be an omen. —Taki



"Dad, what's the most important thing in life?"

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The president of the Nassau County (New York) Medical society included the following in her report on the health-care system in Hawaii:

"The lecturer at a formal lunch gave the source of the word *politics* as being *poli* = many and *tics* = ugly, blood-sucking parasites."

Sincerely,
Daniel Tausig, MD
Richmond, Va.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Having just finished Nora Lam's stirring autobiography *China Cry*, I believe I received a word from the Lord to write to you. Why? To extend an apology on behalf of liberalism in general (if I can in any way claim to represent that philosophy) and myself in particular for not having listened to you and others like you.

Nora Lam experienced the human hell that Communism has visited upon the planet, and you consistently through the years tried to warn many about the evil that she witnessed at the heart of that foul panacea. You did this in the face of scorn from liberals such as myself who dared to believe a form of cultural relativism—that while democracy was fine for us, Communism was appropriate for others who were less fortunate than we. After all, we knew what was best for those folk, and you along with a "deluded" group of conservatives were speaking from the dustbin of history. Intellectual pride and snobbery emanated from our mouths.

I must say I clearly now see what I should have seen years ago. Communism wraps its deadly tentacles right around the heart of the human spirit in an effort to crush out any spark of the divine. It is nasty, capricious, lying, Godless, and conceited in the view that Communism could and would create a "new man" upon the graves of those foolish enough to stand in the way.

Having now seen this, I can only say "mea culpa." I taught students for years that there was really little to choose between the foreign policies of the USSR and the U.S. That was wrong.

Thank you for being steadfast, and may God bless Ronald Reagan for having helped to put an end to that "evil empire." May Communism lose its grip upon those nations still caught within its web.

Keep true to the faith, and it is comforting to know as you have yourself confessed some time ago that our Redeemer liveth.

Sincerely yours,
Arthur H. Pitz
Professor of History
Black Hawk College
Moline, Ill.

Dear Professor Pitz: Thanks. WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My first encounter with NATIONAL REVIEW was at age 17 . . .

A subscription immediately followed, for fear that inaction would render me powerless to the "liberal juggernaut" (i.e., teachers and student minions). I am currently on the brink of entering a CUNY institution, mainly for reasons of finance and propinquity. I seek your response to the following:

Will my perpetual subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW be an adequate defense against the forces of liberalism there, or will even heavier artillery be required?

Perhaps your youngest fan,
Patrick Leahey
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Patrick: No, *NR* should enable you to float in all situations. If you have special problems, drop us a note. Best of luck. Cordially, **—WFB**

ON THE SCENE

Conservatives, Ahoy!

VIN WEBER

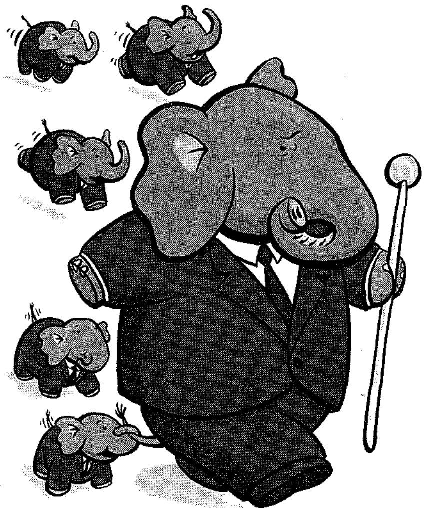
WASHINGTON, D.C.

SO INTENSE has been the public debate about the future direction of the Republican Party that few have paid proper attention to the first decisions actually made by the party, or at least by its congressional component. The House of Representatives was designed to reflect more accurately than other branches of government the real mood of the people. It's thus worth noting that when House Republicans convened in early December to choose their leadership for the coming biennium, they sent a strong, consistent message about the party's direction.

Republicans in the "People's House" elected four new leaders, all of them straight out of the school of activist conservatism that typified the Republican Party during the Reagan years. In so doing, they refused to follow the script of those demanding a choice between the "Christian Right" and "social libertarianism," instead calling Republicans "back to the future" of the Reagan coalition.

The new leaders, in order of seniority, are Henry Hyde of Illinois, chairman of the Republican Policy Committee; Dick Armey of Texas, chairman of the Republican Conference; Tom DeLay of Texas, secretary of the Republican Conference; and Bill Paxon of New York, chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee.

As individuals they are bright, aggressive, personable, and fiercely independent. As a group they constitute, along with returning leaders Newt Gingrich of Georgia, Duncan Hunter of California, and Bill McCollum of Florida (respectively Minority Whip, Research Committee Chairman, and Conference Vice Chairman), the most conservative leadership group assembled in either congressional chamber in thirty years.



Robert Prince

Although Armey technically outranks the other newcomers (the official pecking order puts the Conference Chairman third after the Minority Leader and the Whip), in reality Hyde brings the most stature to the table. To the public, Henry Hyde is best known as Congress's most eloquent defender of the unborn, but within the Congress his image is much broader and the respect accorded him is unsurpassed. Indeed, his election *without opposition* best indicates the stature Hyde has earned as the House's most riveting orator. His leadership in opposing Communism in Central America throughout the 1980s showed the judgment and strength of a man who, under other circumstances, would surely have been on everyone's presidential shortlist.

After Newt Gingrich was elected Republican Whip in 1989, putting him in position to succeed Bob Michel as Minority Leader when he retired, Hyde hinted that he himself would be a candidate for that post. Had Michel's retirement occurred in 1990, or even 1992, Hyde might well have been the odds-on favorite for Leader. But if Michel retires in 1994, Gingrich will by then have had six years in the number-2 position. Last year, Gingrich, running unopposed for re-election as Whip, began asking for commitments in a race to succeed Michel. By 1994, Gingrich may be unbeatable.

Meanwhile, for the longer term, much power among House Republicans has shifted to Texas. Dick Armey of Fort Worth and Tom DeLay of Houston both have the potential to influence Republican politics far beyond the House.

Armey is a sort of one-man think tank in cowboy boots. A native of Cando, South Dakota, he holds a PhD and taught college economics before coming to Congress after the 1984 election. He drives a pickup truck to his Capitol office and swears that he prefers fishing to politics.

But within the Congress, Armey has done more than anyone since Jack Kemp to provide conservative leadership on economic issues. As Republican leader of the Joint Economic Committee, he challenged liberal orthodoxy on issues that matter far more than they are understood. His assault on the static-analysis models used by Congress and the Executive branch to predict the effects of changes in tax policy drew, at best, yawns from most of his colleagues. And yet it is precisely the supply-side rejection of this model that led to the success of Reaganomics in the early 1980s, just as Bush's return to it led to the disastrous 1990 budget deal.

Most observers gave Armey little chance last fall when he announced his challenge to incumbent Conference Chairman Jerry Lewis of California. But his four-vote victory assures that House Republicans will again be fed a steady diet of ideas and analysis—mainly economic—from the position held by Jack Kemp throughout the Reagan years.

If Armey can supply the ideas, Tom DeLay can probably supply the votes. DeLay, who was a successful small-businessman before coming to Congress, has for years been the leading conservative strategist and vote-counter in the House. His forte is

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Mr. Weber, a former congressman from Minnesota, is co-founder of the new conservative group Empower America.

Ashland University

Accent on the Individual

- **A private, liberal arts institution located in the Midwest between Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio, Ashland University believes in the philosophy of "Accent on the Individual."**
- **The student-faculty ratio of 16-to-1 means students receive the individual attention essential for educational growth.**
- **Academic instruction is further enhanced because classes and labs are taught by professors, not graduate assistants.**
- **Because the faculty are teaching oriented, they spend whatever time is necessary to ensure that students attain a quality education.**

School of Arts and Humanities

- Ashland University features a radio/TV program considered one of the best in the country. Students receive hands-on experience beginning in their freshman year.
- Ashland's theatre department, which is recognized nationally, features graduates such as actor Dwier Brown, who portrayed Kevin Costner's father as a young man in the 1989 film "Field of Dreams" and actress Amy Stock, a former cast member of the TV show, "Dallas."

School of Business Administration/Economics

- Ashland University's Gill Center for Business and Economic Education offers a dialogue program which provides students an opportunity to interact with business executives.
- Ashland is one of a limited number of private institutions offering a major in hospitality administration with instruction in hotel and restaurant management.

School of Education and Related Professions

- Ashland University's Education Programs received accreditation by the National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education, and Ashland is one of only nine private schools in Ohio that meets the national standards set for education curriculum.
- Ashland was selected by the Ohio Department of Education as one of four schools in the state to participate in the "Classroom of the Future" project. Designed to prepare youngsters to live and work in the 21st century, this project puts Ashland education students at the forefront of shaping higher education for the future.

Ashland University's John M. Ashbrook Center provides a unique opportunity for the study and research of the principles and practice of American constitutional government and politics. The Ashbrook Center offers $1,000 scholarships per semester for political science majors or public affairs minors. The Center provides unique internship opportunities in state and federal government. As part of its activities, the Center hosts a Major Issues Lecture Series and other academic forums on contemporary political and scholarly issues. Speakers at the Center's Memorial Dinners have included Ronald Reagan, George Bush, Caspar Weinberger and Dick Cheney. The Center's director is F. Clifton White.

School of Sciences

- Ashland University is one of only six schools in the nation to offer an undergraduate degree program with a major in toxicology.
- Pre-Professional studies are offered in a number of pre-professional programs, including pre-engineering, pre-law, pre-medicine, pre-dentistry, pre-pharmacy, pre-medical technology, pre-physical therapy, pre-seminary and pre-veterinary medicine.

Athletics

- Ashland University is the only Division II athletic program in the state of Ohio. The program fields 11 men's and eight women's teams.
- Nearly 400 Ashland athletes have received All-America honors and during the past six years four athletes have been named recipients of NCAA post-graduate scholarships.

College Life

- Ashland University's dining services has received the National Association of College and University Food Services' first place award the past four years.
- Ashland's financial aid opportunities make a quality education affordable. Financial assistance is given to 95 percent of all students who attend on a full-time basis, with an average award of approximately $7,000.
- Ashland is proud of its involvement in small town life, which boasts friendly people, a pleasant atmosphere and a peaceful community - all important items in today's society.

For more information, contact: Admission Office,
Ashland University, Ashland, Ohio 44805
or call 1-800-882-1548 in Ohio or 1-419-289-5052.

building coalitions with grassroots business and conservative organizations, and despite his strong ideological viewpoint, he is well liked by Democrats as much as by Republicans.

Rounding out the leadership is Paxon, who was first elected in 1988 to the Upstate New York seat vacated by Jack Kemp.

When veteran Congressman Guy Vander Jagt was defeated in a primary election last August, most observers predicted a wide-open fight to succeed him as chairman of the NRCC. Few believed that the prestigious post, which controls millions of dollars in resources used to elect congressional candidates, would go to a third-term congressman. But Paxon's aggressiveness, political savvy, and likability led to an astounding outcome. When the time came to fill the first vacancy at the NRCC since 1976, Bill Paxon ran unopposed.

Paxon promises fresh, creative, and aggressive leadership to a committee that had lost the confidence of many Republicans in and out of Congress. He has already promised to be a hands-on chairman, unlike Vander Jagt, who spent most of his time on the rubber-chicken circuit and delegated management of the committee to others. And he has pledged to serve only two terms as chairman, practicing the term-limitation gospel that many Republicans only preach.

Of course, Bob Michel is still Republican Leader in the House. But beneath him there is now a team capable of articulating the message of activist conservatism, building political coalitions to support it, and translating the two into energetic action in the House itself and practical encouragement for new congressional candidates.

This comes at a time when many Republicans are searching for a new path. In essence, House Republicans are saying there is no need for a new path. The trail blazed by Ronald Reagan still leads to victory. □

The Conservative Summit sponsored by the National Review Institute took place too late for a report to be filed for this "On the Scene." A full account of the conference—including reports, speeches, and opinion surveys of those present—will appear in a future issue.

In due course, the Institute will be offering videotapes of the Summit for sale. An ad with details on how to order will appear as soon as the tapes are ready.

They Came to Baghdad

RICHARD BEESTON

BAGHDAD

THERE are few visitors to Baghdad who do not experience a sinking feeling as the first statues, posters, and mosaics of Saddam Hussein come into view after the grueling ten-hour drive across the desert from Jordan.

While in the past travelers would certainly have looked forward to the first glimpse of the sluggish waters of the Tigris, lined by palm trees and elegant villas, today most of the modern city is an uninspired Stalinist showcase of sprawling government buildings and three-lane highways which soften only at dusk, when the capital's skyline is dominated by the spectacular orange and purple hue of the desert sunset.

When I last saw Baghdad two years ago the city was beginning to adjust to the daily routine of relentless allied air bombardment which had systematically demolished the capital's entire infrastructure. The telecommunications buildings were gutted by precision bombing, the oil refinery at Doura was burned to the ground, most of the bridges linking the two halves of the capital were damaged or destroyed, and President Saddam Hussein's grip on the country was beginning to falter.

Carlos Torres

Today in his public appearances and speeches the haggard look of defeat is gone from the dictator's features. While not even the most ardent of his supporters can swallow the Orwellian doublespeak that Iraq won the Umm al-Maarik (Mother of All Battles), whose anniversary was celebrated last week across the country, President Saddam can claim with conviction that he has learnt from his mistakes and has emerged victorious from the postwar status quo in Iraq.

Among his most touted accomplishments are the reconstruction, by a highly trained stratum of Iraqi engineers, architects, and builders, of most of the industrial and military facilities which were destroyed by the allies. The telephones are back in operation, there is running water and electricity, and the country has demonstrated that it can function even under the restrictions of a two-and-a-half-year international trade embargo.

As Saddam's well-orchestrated attempt to provoke the Bush Administration in its last days in office proved, the allies today lack the ability on the ground and the resolve to topple Iraq's leader that marked the former thirty-nation coalition. Far from damaging his hold on power, the limited U.S., British, and French air and missile attacks actually strengthened President Saddam's hand in the region by reinforcing the argument of "double standards" in the West's treatment of Iraq and Israel, while exposing the relative weakness of the allied military force arrayed before him.

For those of us who were in Baghdad on the night the allies attacked a facility south of the city suspected of being part of Saddam's nuclear program, the Iraqi authorities displayed a highly sophisticated handling of the 150 Western journalists covering the crisis. Gone was the heavy-handedness of the Gulf War two years ago, when reporters were rigorously censored, closely controlled, and fed a solid diet of civilian casualties. This time scores of international net-

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Mr. Beeston is the Middle East correspondent of The Times *(London).*

works were allowed to broadcast live during the attack and were taken on the night itself to the bombing sites—not only to the three civilian areas, hit when cruise missiles were knocked off course by anti-aircraft fire, but to the al-Nide plant itself, which thirty projectiles demolished.

The scenes at the Al-Rashid hotel, where a young Iraqi employee and a Jordanian guest were killed when a missile destroyed the lobby, could not have worked better for the regime, not least because the hotel was packed with several hundred Islamic delegates who will doubtless spread their invective against the U.S. with added vigor in mosques from Jakarta to Brooklyn. Some Iraqi officials could barely disguise their satisfaction at the publicity coup which was handed to them on a plate, most vividly during the televised visit by President Saddam to a hospital ward, where he was seen by millions offering his comfort to an injured German reporter whose face was badly lacerated by flying glass.

Only three days after the attack on Baghdad, President Saddam, wearing a navy blue V-neck pullover to soften the effect of his military uniform, presided over a meeting of the ruling Revolutionary Command Council to announce unilateral ceasefire as an inaugural olive branch to Bill Clinton. The move was intended not only as a final humiliation to George Bush, but also a gesture to the new President that compromise is possible.

Iraqi leaders in private discussions and public pronouncements have made it very clear that President Saddam is seeking a straightforward deal with the new Administration. In return for President Clinton's dropping his predecessor's policy of toppling the Iraqi leader, President Saddam would honor his commitments under UN resolutions. Baghdad is gambling that if the situation remains calm in the coming months, the UN will gradually ease sanctions against Iraq and alleviate the devastating effects of hyperinflation and the rapid decline of the Iraqi dinar, which has virtually wiped out the country's once thriving middle class.

Part of their calculation is based on the new realities in the region, where Western firms are showing greater interest in postwar contracts in Iraq, a point made graphically by the recent visit to Baghdad of the French oil companies Elf and Total. Also, they have concluded that Middle East strategists are more concerned with Iranian expansionism and militarism than with Iraq's military, which has lost much of its most potent weaponry, particularly its warplanes, ballistic missiles, and unconventional arms.

Typically, President Saddam cannot resist testing President Clinton's resolve in the latest series of minor incidents in the no-fly zone, where U.S. warplanes have attacked Iraqi anti-aircraft batteries in response to repeated provocations from ground radar. All the Iraqi calculations are of course dependent on the durability of the regime, but even President Saddam's most ardent critics, his own people, admit privately that he appears to be solidly in place for the foreseeable future because there is no serious challenge to his authority.

An Iraqi friend, an ardent opponent of the regime, likes to recount a self-deprecating joke making the rounds of Baghdad these days, which says more about the Iraqi people than about the man who has led them into two disastrous wars in one decade and still manages to rule unchallenged.

Like all bona-fide dictators, the story goes, Saddam Hussein is curious to find out just how far he can push his people before they rebel. On payday at the end of the month, he orders all salaries in the country cut by half. There is no response. The following month he stops pay altogether. Again there is not a word of protest. This time he positions his troops at every bridge over the Tigris with orders to beat each citizen as he commutes to work.

After a week of collective punishment a delegation of senior figures demands an audience in the presidential palace. "Mr. President, we have come to complain about the plight of the citizens. They are being beaten on their way to work. They cannot get to their offices on time. We demand that you send more troops." ☐

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The Scientific War on Child Abuse

K. L. BILLINGSLEY

SAN DIEGO

THE WAR on child abuse began in earnest in the 1980s, and the casualties are piling up, among them James Wade, an enlisted Navy man who had spent over $125,000 defending himself from false charges that nearly destroyed his family. A San Diego grand jury, drawn into the fray by Wade's case, found that social workers had lied, falsified evidence, and disobeyed court orders, and that such actions were typical.

On the flimsiest of grounds, social workers can seize children, an action known in the trade as a "parentectomy." The children are then farmed out to pliable therapists and foster parents. The grand jury confirmed that many foster parents are warehousing children to get federal money. Foster parents receive $484 a month

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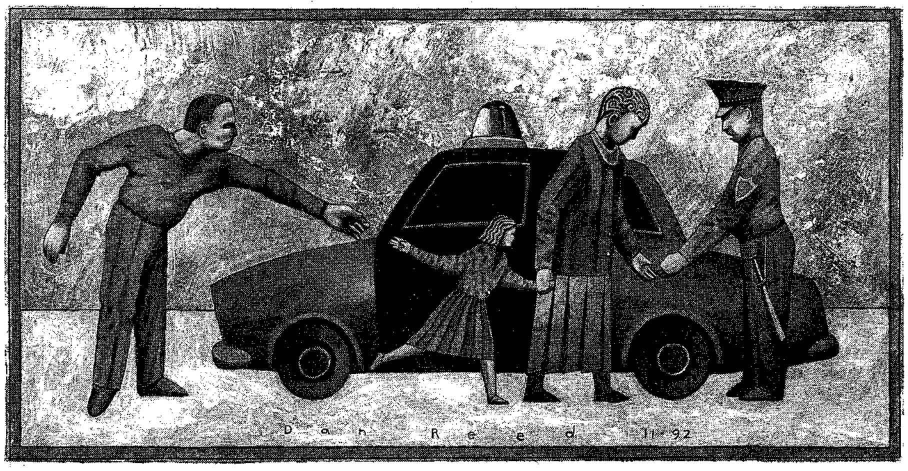
Mr. Billingsley has written for many publications, including Heterodoxy *and* The Spectator *(London).*

for a child between the ages of 5 and 18, almost twice the amount a welfare mother receives for her own offspring. "Special-care" cases can bring up to $1,000 a month. All funds are tax free. The grand jury called it the "baby-brokering business."

The nation's current "child protection" system began in the early 1970s with Walter Mondale's Child Abuse Prevention and Treatment Act, which created the National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect. As documented by Richard Wexler's *Wounded Innocents*, the system is corrupt, incompetent, and motivated by anti-family zealotry. Wexler estimates that some one million Americans are falsely accused of child abuse each year. The child police, says Wexler, know these figures but do not cite them. Their jobs depend on the perception that child abuse is, as the National Center for the Prevention of Child Abuse (NCPCA) puts it, "an American tradition."



Dan Reed

Certainly, the current standards for molestation would indict most, if not all, American families. Incorrect behavior includes: romping with the kids on the floor, showering or bathing with children, almost all forms of hugging and cuddling, and having a girl sitting on her father's lap. In 1988 the NCPCA—a private organization—spent more than $2.5 million promoting the notion that parents are guilty of neglect if they allow their children to eat breakfast at McDonald's too often, or if they are late picking children up after school.

If the accused abuser denies the charge, that only proves his guilt: it means he is "in denial," a psychobabble incantation the child police use as a substitute for the Bill of Rights. Indeed, Minnesota prosecutor Kathleen Morris declared herself "sick to death of things like the presumption of innocence."

Not that that presumption exists any longer in cases of alleged child abuse. It is the parent who must prove his innocence, which is why so many fathers accused of sexual abuse have subjected themselves to the penile plethysmograph test, used in San Diego County and in counties in a dozen other states in the Union.

In this test, which seems more in tune with *A Clockwork Orange* than with the principles of American jurisprudence, the man goes into a booth and attaches a mercury strain gauge to his penis. The gauge is designed to test the subject's "erectile response," and the machine then calibrates a "phallometric score." What happens next can hardly be described in a family magazine, but an abbreviated account of a couple of cases will give the general idea.

Chris Friend, a computer specialist with a background in educational development, was skeptical of the test; but, having been accused of molestation in a family dispute, he was willing to do anything to clear his name and regain access to his children.

One of the tests used on Friend was a series of vignettes, narrated by the counselor over a musical soundtrack. One vignette dealt with a father performing oral sex on his daughter. In another, an adult male picks up several boys for sex. After every two or three molestation scenes, the counselor would throw in a vignette of normal sex. The counselor had told Friend to buzz him on the intercom after every story and tell him how he felt, but Friend, soon in tears, was unable to respond. The social worker, unmoved, warned him that if he didn't give "the response we are looking for," sound effects would be added. (This particular counselor—who claims not only to evaluate but also to offer "orgasmic reconditioning," to help the subject "learn to become sexually responsible"—is currently trying to talk the Navy into letting him treat the Tailhook offenders. His material would probably have shocked most of the Tailhookers.)

The test offered to San Diego truck driver Reggie Germann had a video portion. After he had hooked up the plethysmograph, his testers lowered the lights and started flashing slides depicting various sexual activities, which Germann described as "ugly and degrading." He was also asked to reply to more than seven hundred true/false questions, some of which he found rather startling:

"I get more excitement and thrill out of hurting a person than I do from the sex itself."

"I got the idea to rape while burglarizing apartments or houses."

"I have had sex with an animal."

"I have beaten a person during a sexual encounter."

And, near the end, a light touch: "I have fantasized about killing someone during sex."

Dr. Melvin G. Goldzband, director of forensic psychiatry at UC San Diego, cautions that, by itself, the plethysmograph "cannot and must not be used diagnostically." Goldzband believes that there has been "a marked overuse" of the machine, which is sometimes accepted by courts. Psychologist John Adam argues that the plethysmograph is "bogus and unethical to use" because it can be fooled "mentally and physically." As with the corruption-filled foster-care system, part of the problem is money: Chris Friend's counselor, for example, charges $1,000 per session.

It is hard to see how the current system will improve until the financial incentives are changed, the presumption of innocence restored, and the child police held responsible for their actions. Evidence that the system is itself in denial came last April, when the California state government rejected a measure that would have lifted social workers' unqualified immunity. Until some such measure is passed, social workers will continue to seize children first and ask questions later. ☐

Is it True What They Say About Catholics?

No. But as Harvard historian Arthur Schlesinger Sr. observed, prejudice against the Catholic Church is "the deepest bias in the history of the American people."

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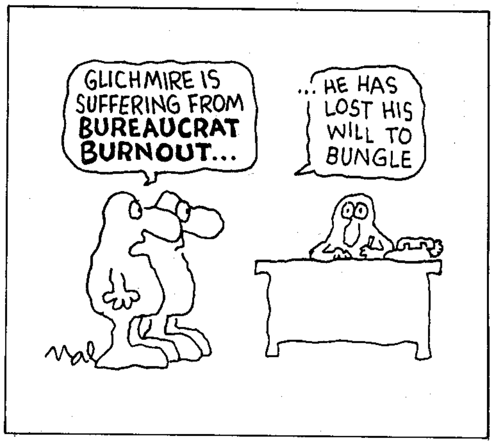
GLICHMIRE IS SUFFERING FROM BUREAUCRAT BURNOUT...
...HE HAS LOST HIS WILL TO BUNGLE
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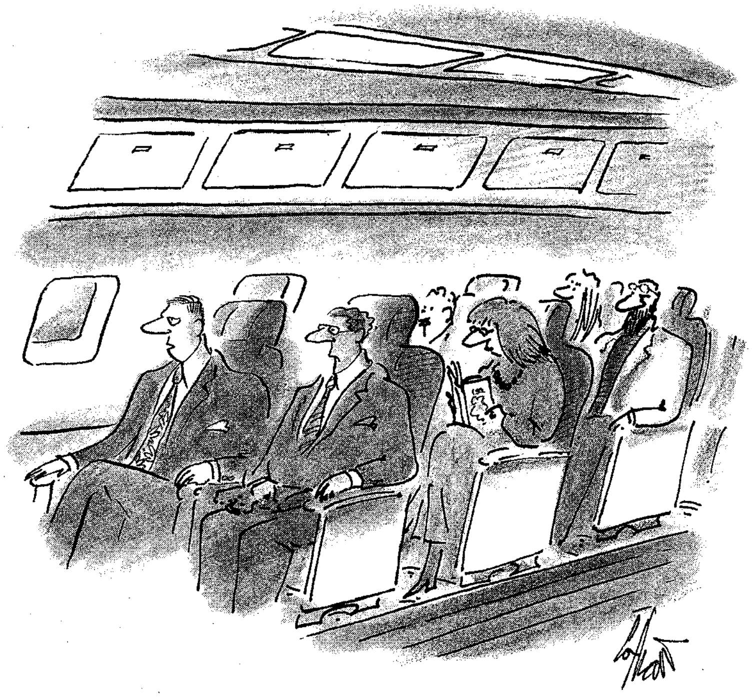
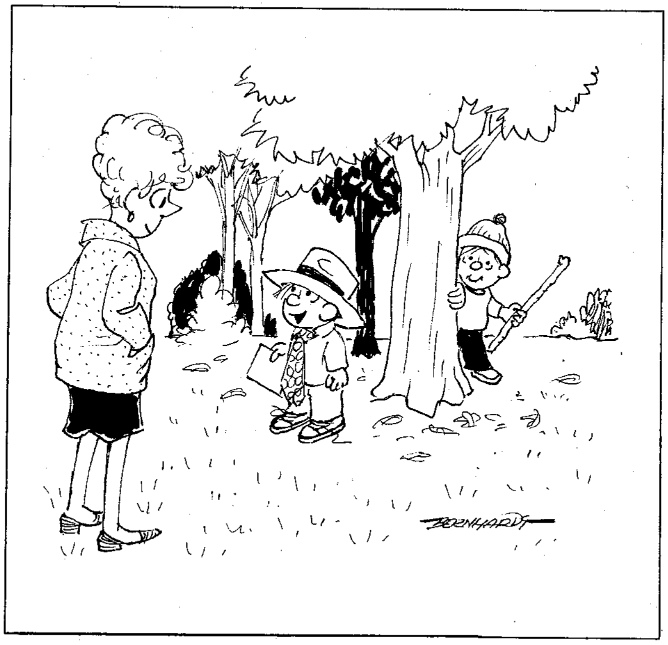


"Sometimes one must fight for what one believes in. Other times it's best to skip the country."

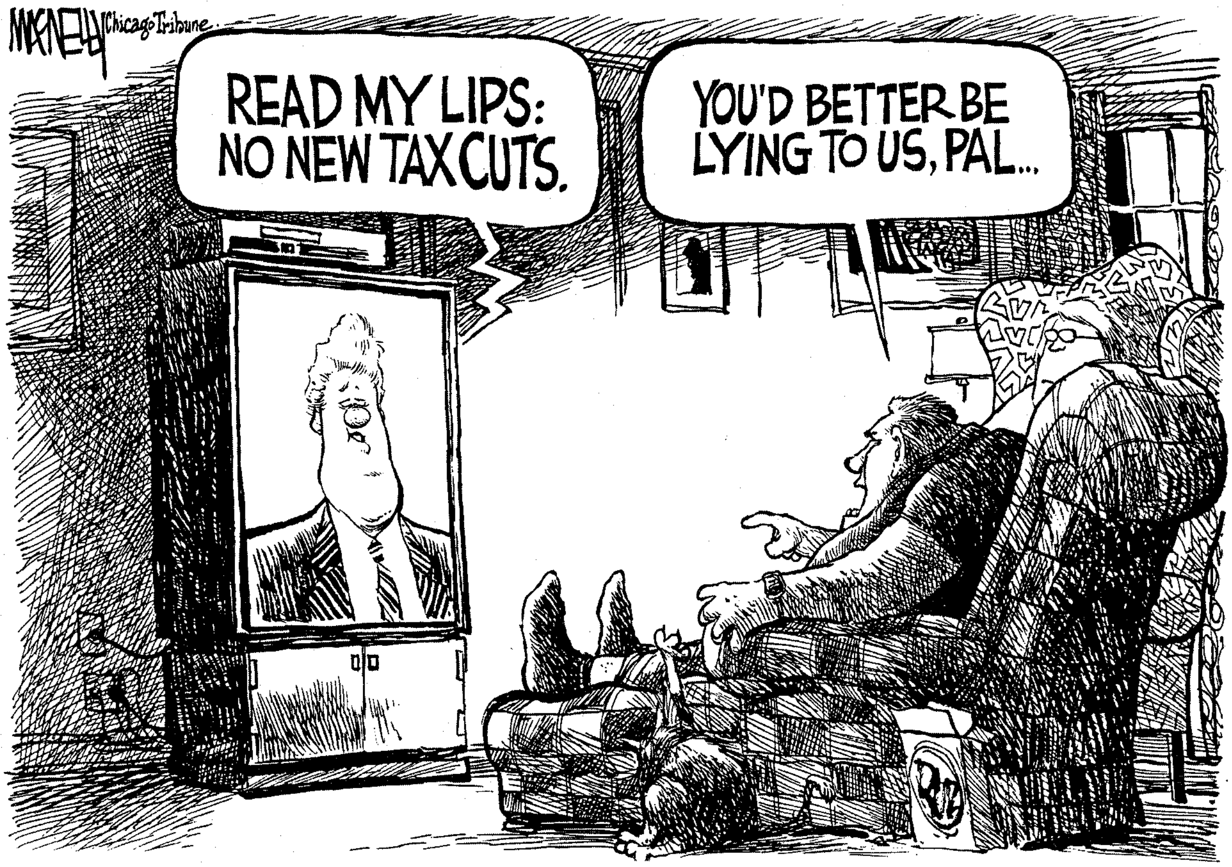
Everybody's Favorite

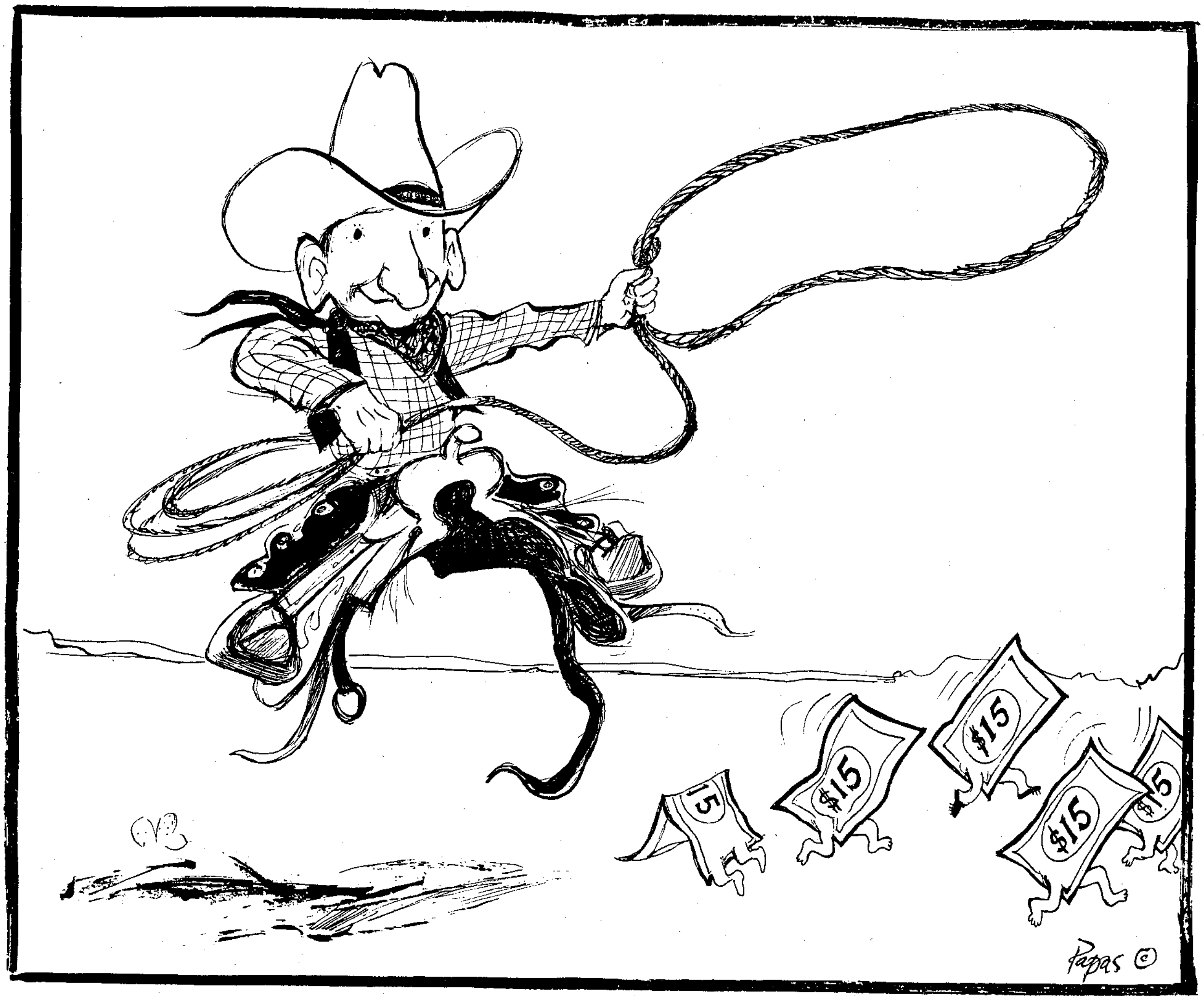
Dear Mr. Kemp:
The word gets back
That you're too dainty to attack,
Jab, pillory, and/or deflower
The Democrats until they cower,
A sensibility that leaves
Your right-wing nut combatting heaves,
So do grab Clinton by a gill
And have at Hillary.
Love, Bill

W. H. VON DREELE



"We're playing environmentalists and industrialists."


MacNelly Chicago Tribune
READ MY LIPS: NO NEW TAX CUTS.
YOU'D BETTER BE LYING TO US, PAL...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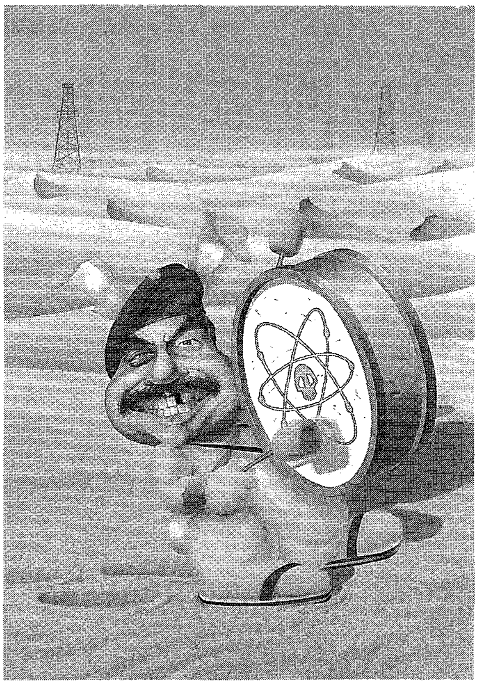
Papas ©

" BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN "

Meanwhile, Back in Iraq



HIGH TIME

Saddam Hussein *still* keeps going and going . . . But the Clinton Administration may be capable of grasping that there will never be peace in the region until Saddam—and the regime he heads—are gone.

ALBERT WOHLSTETTER

WHEN President Bush, in his last days in office, launched a series of discrete, "measured" air and missile strikes against selected targets in Iraq, he wanted to send a "crystal-clear message" to Saddam: We won't tolerate Iraq's violating *any* of the UN resolutions that came out of the invasion of Kuwait. But Iraq has all along been in massive violation of the conditions of the ceasefire. And we do tolerate it. The crystal message was cloudy.

The contrast between Mr. Bush's action and his words stemmed from his divided purpose. He wanted to get rid of Saddam, but wanted also to preserve a dictatorship in Baghdad as essential to an autonomously stable balance in the critical Gulf region—an old phantasm. Put otherwise, Mr. Bush wanted to end the internal terror in Iraq (that's the point of UN 688) while preserving the tyranny of a small minority in Baghdad which can survive only by terror.

On the day after the initial "15-minute raid" on an industrial park in Zaafarniyah, an exchange of statements between the American and Iraqi governments suggested the essential problem the U.S. has in sending crystal-clear messages (a problem Mr. Clinton will have to solve if he is to give any operational meaning to the pregnant statement in his inaugural speech that we'll back diplomacy with military force when the "conscience of the international community is defied"). We had demanded that Iraq move its surface-to-air missiles out of the area below the 32nd Parallel, where they menace Coalition aircraft monitoring the southern no-fly zone. Saddam moved them, but not out of the area specified. Still, Marlin Fitzwater said that Saddam's move amounted to complying with the demand we had made. Saddam said he wasn't complying at all. (And, to emphasize his point, in the following days he sent raids into Kuwait to seize missiles the UN was storing there, and took potshots at Coalition aircraft in both the northern and southern no-fly zones.)

This may seem a little odd. Usually, when a government violates agreements, it is the violator who denies any violation, not the ones demanding compliance. The message actually received from Mr. Bush, who deserves much honor for his forceful response to the invasion of Kuwait, is that he continued to believe that Desert Storm was a complete success, even though it stopped short of destroying the bulk of the artillery, tanks, and combat helicopters that the small minority in Baghdad needs both to maintain its rule by terror and to prepare terror against is neighbors.

Saddam's message *is* crystal clear. He will comply only with those specific constraints we force him to comply with, and only so long as we do. Or he will volunteer a pause in non-compliance as a grand gesture, like his "ceasefire" during the Clinton inauguration, as a way of inducing a complete end to the restraints and sanctions. We won't even discover such violations—still less answer them—so long as it's suicidal for Iraqis to try to restrain or report violations. So helping Iraqis free themselves is not some vague, humanitarian mission. Nothing less than replacing the dictatorship with a government that gives its people a voice and protects its citizens from terror can assure an end to Iraq's programs to acquire nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons (the point of UN 687).

Giving a prominent role to the Iraqi dissidents could also ease some of the tensions that have been growing

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Mr. Wohlstetter, University Professor, Emeritus, of the University of Chicago, directed a several-year study in the late Seventies on interests and power in the Persian Gulf.

among the allies. It would reduce the appearance—exploited by Saddam's propaganda machine—that it is just the U.S., Britain, and France against a Muslim country. The Free Iraqi Movement can make clearer than anybody else that UN demands and sanctions are intended to end the threat against the Muslim majority in Iraq as well as against its Muslim neighbors. It would also bring to an end some of the most disturbing features of the current strategy from the standpoint of Iraq's neighbors: it provokes and punishes a vengeful dictatorship but leaves it in place and likely, sooner or later, to wreak revenge on its neighbors.

Bending the Rules

A CLOSED SOCIETY like the present Iraq doesn't have to use its proven ability to conceal violations in order to get weapons. It can get them without breaking the rules. Laboratories making civilian pharmaceuticals can be so quickly turned to manufacturing biological weapons that a dictatorship doesn't have to violate a biological weapons ban until it is too late to prevent their use. Facilities for making many civilian chemical products—e.g., insecticides and fertilizers—can also be quickly turned to military use. The same goes for the use of separated plutonium (as distinct from low-enriched uranium) as fuel in an electrical power reactor. Without an end to the torture and slaughter of dissidents, the people of Iraq can exercise no restraint on the tyranny's ambitions.

Iraq's recent record illustrates the ease with which UN agencies and the democracies can forget the Baath rulers' persistent desire and ability to get the weapons of mass terror they have forsworn. A UN inspection team visited Iraq's declared nuclear research site at Tuwaitha in May 1991 to confirm that Iraq was living up to its promise to abandon all steps toward getting nuclear weapons. The team reported that "the Iraqi government had cooperated fully . . . , complying with all their requests." However, the team had completely missed the prototype calutrons (machines for electromagnetic isotope separation), as well as the work on centrifuge development and nuclear weapons design.

Shortly before Operation Desert Storm began, nameless U.S. intelligence officials had leaked their doubts that Iraq had a nuclear-weapons program that "justified the President's beating the drums" for a military operation. And right after Desert Storm, they were quite sure that, as President Bush put it to Congress on March 6, 1991, Saddam's "ability to threaten mass destruction is itself destroyed." But intelligence even then was completely unaware that Iraq had a program for electromagnetic isotope separation, though it was in fact the linchpin of its nuclear-weapons program. Intelligence deceives itself and us about what it can know about activities that a closed society wants to conceal.

Maurizio Zifferero, leader of a recent UN nuclear inspection team and a deputy director of the IAEA (International Atomic Energy Agency), made headlines by stating grandly, on the second day of the team's visit, that the Iraqi leadership has told us "many times . . . that it had decided at the highest levels to stop its nuclear development program. This we have verified." He went on: "There is no possibility of a substantial organized program going on in Iraq now," and added, as if it were saying the same thing, "So far we have found no evidence of an ongoing organized program."

That statement "just boggles the mind," according to David Kay, the thoroughly informed leader of three earlier, daring, and much more revealing IAEA inspections. In June 1991, Mr. Kay managed to carry out the first-ever zero-notice on-site inspection when his team was denied access to Al Fallujah, a compound west of Baghdad. Glimpsing from a water tower a convoy starting to move from the rear of the compound through the desert, his team made a thirty-kilometer end-run to intercept and photograph the convoy. Though shot at by Iraqi plainclothes guards, they were able to prove the existence of the key undeclared Iraqi program for getting nuclear-weapons-grade fissile material by electromagnetic isotope separation.

Mr. Kay and his team made headlines again in September 1991 when they were surrounded for four days in a Baghdad parking lot after having finally found conclusive proof of a serious program for nuclear-weapons design and manufacture—one week after Iraq's ambassador to the IAEA repeated Iraq's claim that it had revealed everything and had no program to design and manufacture nuclear weapons. Lacking a fax machine, Mr. Kay managed to read some essential documents to UN headquarters over a mobile telephone linked by satellite. He finds it hard to believe that the current UN inspection team would take a statement on faith from "the highest levels of the Iraqi government."

What Can We Do?

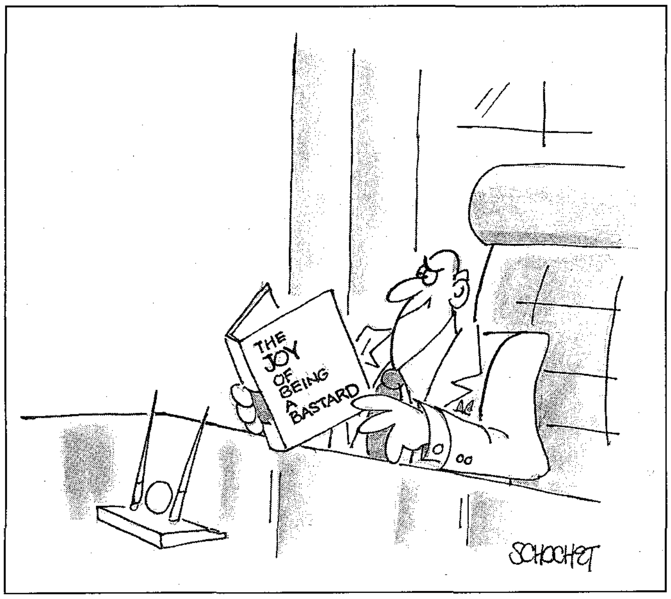
REUTERS quotes a "senior Iraqi official" as saying that "Baghdad plans to sit tight and wait for the United States and Britain and France to tire of flying air patrols." That is a high-level Iraqi statement we *can* take at face value. Saddam will resume his murders as soon as he thinks he can get away with them. Monitoring by air, or even on the ground, cannot force the dictatorship to keep its word. Nor can economic sanctions. Baghdad, used to murdering its subjects, can tolerate our inflicting economic pain on them more easily than we can bear inflicting it. The Kurds and Shiites, for example, suffer now from both the Coalition's blockade of Iraq and the Baath government's blockade of Kurdistan and Basra. Just as before Desert Storm, economic sanctions are not enough.

James Baker was moving in the right direction near the end of his term as secretary of state. He met with a key delegation of Kurdish, Shiite, and Sunni dissidents—a long-delayed, but important, first step toward allowing the dissidents a major political role. And on the day last September when President Bush formally announced the no-fly zone in the south, a White House backgrounder recognized for the first time that "the

Iraqi opposition is committed to . . . a post-Saddam government in Iraq which follows democratic principles and follows human-rights principles in a unified state."

A bit late. In February 1990, almost a half-year before Iraq invaded Kuwait, a wide cross-section of the Iraqi opposition (including some in the delegation that later met with Secretary Baker) issued an appeal in a press conference in London. Since the mid 1980s, the Baath regime had been systematically wiping out the villages of Kurdistan, bulldozing old men, women, and children into graves while they were still alive, driving more than a million Iraqis into Iran and Turkey, and over a million Kurds into concentration camps in northern Iraq, culminating in the horrifying use of mustard gas and cyanide at Halabja and the poison-gas attacks on seventy villages.

The appeal cited the regime's use of chemical weapons against Iraq's population, the loss of the most basic freedoms and human rights, and the regime's catastrophic war against Iran that killed hundreds of thousands on each side. It said that the continued concentration of power and authority in the hands of a small group made these abuses unavoidable.


THE JOY OF BEING A BASTARD
SCHOCHET

Iraqi dissidents, with very little help from the Western democracies, have achieved an impressive consensus for a democratic structure representing all segments of the disparate population, protecting them "from all sectarian, ethnic, or political discrimination," and abandoning threats against Iraq's neighbors. That consensus is one of several things that distinguishes them from the contending political, ethnic, and religious groups involved in the equally horrifying human disasters in Somalia and the former Yugoslavia.

The Coalition now overflying most of Iraq can thus define a reasonably stable political endpoint that a broad spectrum of Iraqis themselves have agreed on. Moreover, the needed measures do not include a march by the Coalition on Baghdad or an occupation of Iraq—or any substantial use of Coalition ground forces.

The Coalition should plainly state its aim to support free Iraqis in their effort to replace the dictatorship with an elected government. Not because Western democracies can or should intervene in human disasters everywhere, but because as long as this totalitarian dictatorship is in place—a tyranny whose repeated aggressions menace the world's economy—there is no other realistic way to prevent Iraq from using its immense resources in some future aggression.

The Coalition should design measures to get rid of the dictatorship rather than just to bother it. In this, they have received the unwitting assistance of the Baath dictatorship itself. In the 1970s, the Baath Socialists' Revolutionary Command Council (RCC) began a Comprehensive National Campaign to Eradicate Illiteracy. It paralleled the RCC campaign of terror against intellectuals who differed from the regime. Together, as Kanan Makiya has written, the two campaigns aimed at creating a mass society of passive consumers of Baath Pan-Arab socialist ideology.

But in an age of increasingly decentralized two-way communication, this classic totalitarian maneuver can backfire. It did so ultimately in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, and it can in Iraq. It has become impossible for even a totalitarian government, so long as it covets military or civilian technological advance, to monopolize information. Bad news for dictators. Opportunities for democrats.

The dispersed dissidents need small cellular phones or other two-way point-to-point communications to stay in touch with each other, with the Coalition, and (as did David Kay) with the outside world. And they need a Radio Free Iraq—not a Radio Free Basra or Radio Free Kurdistan—to allow dissidents calling for a free and unified Iraq to broadcast that message throughout Iraq, including Baghdad. For that purpose, we could openly provide capabilities like Volant Solo—EC 130 transport aircraft equipped with powerful transmitters that can broadcast TV and radio messages on channels that Saddam has monopolized to spread his disinformation.

Such broadcasts would not, in a tradition of covert psychological warfare, spread disinformation of our own. Nor would they be like our public Voice of America. They should be more like Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, which gave voice to dissidents in Eastern Europe and the old Soviet Union. This Voice of Free Iraq, to counter Saddam's disinformation, should broadcast selections from the vast amount of documented information on Saddam's internal terror and other programs prepared by the dissidents.

What is also needed is the clarity and will to use force discriminately. The Coalition can use the precise and discriminate air power and the reconnaissance, communications, and other information technologies displayed in Desert Storm. At the start of the Gulf War, when Iraq's integrated air-defense network was intact, the Coalition used AWACS, J-STARS, and stealthy F-117A fighters, Tomahawk missiles, and other advanced precision weapons to quickly disable sensors and the communications and control which the Iraqi high command needed to direct its aircraft and SAMs. That left little more than random Iraqi anti-aircraft fire at low altitudes, and permitted the Coalition to use non-stealthy aircraft, auch as F-16s, F-15s, and A-10s, to destroy tanks, artillery, and other heavy army combat equipment.

According to Lt. Gen. Charles Horner, Coalition air attacks disabled tanks at the rate of 100 a day and destroyed 90 per cent of the artillery in the Kuwaiti theater. Against a dismantled Iraqi air-defense net, the Coalition can do it again more readily.

The next step is to help free Iraqis to encourage army defections. While the Iraqi officer corps is mostly made up of Sunni Arabs, the rank and file are mainly Shia Arabs, Kurds, and Turkomans; and even among the Sunni Arabs quite a few are disillusioned. When the ground war started in Kuwait, delighted soldiers surrendered with shouts of "George-a Bush! George-a Bush!"—some surrendering to an Italian camera crew, others even to a pilotless drone aircraft. In a war with open world support for the Iraqi opposition, one should expect an even larger percentage of the rank and file to desert, surrender, or join forces with the dissidents.

Moreover, we should increase the no-fly zone by: a) moving the boundary of the northern zone south to the 35th Parallel; b) banning all flights and any garrisoning or use of ground forces east of 45° longitude (this will protect AsSulmyania and Kirkuk, and, important both symbolically and practically, provide a corridor connecting the zones in the north and south); and c) moving the upper boundary of the southern zone up to the 33rd Parallel to protect the key Shiite city of Karabala. This would leave one connected no-fly zone in Iraq free of Saddam's air and ground forces, where dissidents could hold elections for *all* Iraq, as fair as the two they have held in the northern no-fly zone.

Mr. Clinton's Signals

THE AUGURIES for a strengthening of policy on Iraq by the new Administration are not all bad. This in spite of the fact that Democrats, starting with President Carter, have a poor record on the use of force, particularly in the Persian Gulf. Or perhaps because of that fact. They know they have to do better.

Nonetheless, the signals Mr. Clinton sent in a *New York Times* interview on the day before he became President, and the day that Mr. Bush launched his initial measured strike, were not auspicious. He said he wanted to see what Saddam did "today" in response to the mission just launched. He said he would judge Saddam by his behavior, but seemed to leave open the possibility that good behavior forced for a short time, or volunteered for the purpose of inducing an end to sanctions, might be enough. When he added that, as a Baptist, he believes in "deathbed conversions," Saddam's coming redemption seemed all too likely.

A quick correction was designed to make clear that Saddam should not expect a better deal from the new President. Mr. Clinton said there was "no daylight" between Mr. Bush's position and his own. Which hardly promised the needed srengthening.

But a good many statements made by President Clinton and members of his Cabinet are more promising. As Free Iraqis have observed, in an ad they placed in the *Arkansas Times*, Mr. Clinton's frequent avowal, reiterated in his inaugural address, that he wants to support democracy because "democracies do not go to war with each other," "don't sponsor terrorist acts against each other," "do a better job of protecting ethnic, religious, and other minorites," etc., are exactly in point for a strengthened policy on Iraq.

Vice President Gore has made many statements to the same effect, stressing the need not only to end Saddam's reign but to dismantle his Baathist regime. Les Aspin supported Desert Storm at its beginning and, in past correspondence, defended the way President Bush ended it, with the dictatorship untouched. Now that he is Secretary of Defense, he has said it's a mistake to "personalize" the Coalition's conflict with Iraq and that we must insist on full compliance with all Security Council resolutions, instead of concentrating on Saddam. Then he added quickly: "To get compliance with those UN resolutions, Saddam Hussein has to go." It would take only another small step to separate the problem from Saddam's persona by recognizing that it's the *dictatorship* that has to go.

Warren Christopher's statements may be the most encouraging. He has been quite unequivocal in saying, as many other leading Democrats have not, that Mr. Bush did "exactly the right thing" in using force to respond to Iraq's invasion of Kuwait. And he has said that the U.S. has tolerated and supported dictators in Iraq and elsewhere much too long. Perhaps most impressive, he recognized that the past confusion has been bipartisan. That recognition needs to spread if there is to be bipartisan support for a new clarity.

Even clarity can't assure success. It will require much skill to help Iraqi dissidents bring the present terror regime to an end.

Democracy and an end to indiscriminate terror are by no means a sure thing in Iraq, despite the substantial degree of consensus achieved by the dissidents. Kurds, in a united or divided Iraq, will have to give up any prospect of joining Kurdish terrorists in Turkey in a movement to unite Kurds everywhere, just as Iraqi Arabs will have to abandon ambitions to unite all Arabic-speaking countries in one "nation." Turkey long ago recognized that to build a modern nation it would have to abandon the pan-Turkic idea of uniting the many Turks that stretch from Mongolia and eastern Turkistan in China, to Kazakhstan, Kirgizia, Tajikistan, Turkmenistan, Azerbaijan, Tataristan, Turkey, northeast Iran, and Iraq, where "Turkomans" are the third largest ethnic group, after Arabs and Kurds.

Better, even so, to take the risks of supporting Iraqi democracy than to preserve the continued Baath dictatorship, with its proven threat to the world economy, and its will and capacity to get weapons of mass terror against its neighbors. It's nearly a sure thing that this threat will grow as the Coalition tires of monitoring and sanctions, and as its resolve weakens. □

Inauguration '93

ECSTASY ON THE MALL

It's official: the Decade of Greed is over, and the Most Idealistic Generation in History is in power. If you don't want Mr. Clinton reaching out and touching you for the next four years, better find a desert island.

JOSEPH SOBRAN

YOU'D HAVE thought Cromwell had just been sent packing. The city went mad with joy, the joy of a restoration. "Let us give this capital back to the people to whom it belongs," as the new President said in his inaugural address.

Judging by the festivities, the people to whom Washington belongs live in Hollywood, Manhattan, and Las Vegas. As the Clinton bus caravan arrived by way of Monticello, the sober capital city became a political rock concert—Woodstock and Camelot rolled into one.

Every day the Style section and the gossip columns swelled with Homeric recitations of visiting superstars (there is no such thing as a mere "star" any more): Michael Jackson, Robert Redford, Jack Nicholson, Barbra Streisand, Ray Charles, Tony Bennett, Chuck Berry, Goldie Hawn, Barry Manilow, Little Richard, L. L. Cool J, Michael Bolton, Peter Paul & Mary, and of course Fleetwood Mac. This is the short list, a sampling of the Celebrity Community. Not to mention the Elvis impersonators, who may be numerous enough to swing the next election and are no doubt proud to see one of their own in the White House.

Notwithstanding the return of egalitarianism, all the chat in town all week was about who got invited to which party. It is sad but true that even the most inclusive-minded Democrat knows the delights of exclusiveness, and old-fashioned social hierarchy reared its disreputable head in the invitation lists. So did money.

No previous inauguration approached the frenzy of this one. Partly it was because liberal Democrats had won back the White House at long last, and it didn't matter that their candidate had gotten a paltry 43 per cent of the vote; a theme of the festivities was the long-overdue banishment of the usurpers. Partly it was, to use the vogue term, "generational." (Inevitable *Washington Post* story: "Generational Baton Pass Now Complete," by David Broder.) A rock-loving Baby Boomer had won the Presidency, and now it was sort of official: the Boomers, the most self-absorbed generation in history, weren't kids any more. I'm a Boomer myself, but only by accident of birth. I don't get all generational about it.

Jonathan Yardley of the *Post,* also technically a Boomer but a sober middle-aged WASP in demeanor, objected to the "tackiness" of it all, which he went so far as to say out-Reaganed Reagan. Actually, the self-celebration wasn't so much tacky as silly. We are the world; we are the children. And now we are the government.

It already seems quaint that people used to whine, during the Reagan years, about "an actor in the White House." In the Age of Clinton, politics and pop culture have been fused beyond the dreams of Reagan. Marching, doing benefits, and organizing boycotts for pet political causes have become as much a part of show business as greasepaint and the electric guitar. All week actors and rock performers enthused about Clinton, burbling about how this "change" would be, in some unspecified way, "great for our country."

A Different Crowd

THE WEATHER on Inauguration Day was perfect, sunny and only slightly chilly. The crowd on the Mall seemed to me as big as the one at the last huge event there two years ago, when victory in the Gulf War was celebrated, but this crowd was slightly younger and, naturally, more liberal. The Desert Storm gala, after all, didn't lure crackpot earth-worshipping environmentalists to Washington to perform rites so bizarre that even Al Gore sat them out.

I chatted with one earnest woman who had come all the way from California with her third husband, a preacher. She was a lawyer who had no use for Clinton, but wanted to be a part of the big event anyway. She told me she plans to run for President herself in 1996, and handed me her business card. Slightly flaky, as you may

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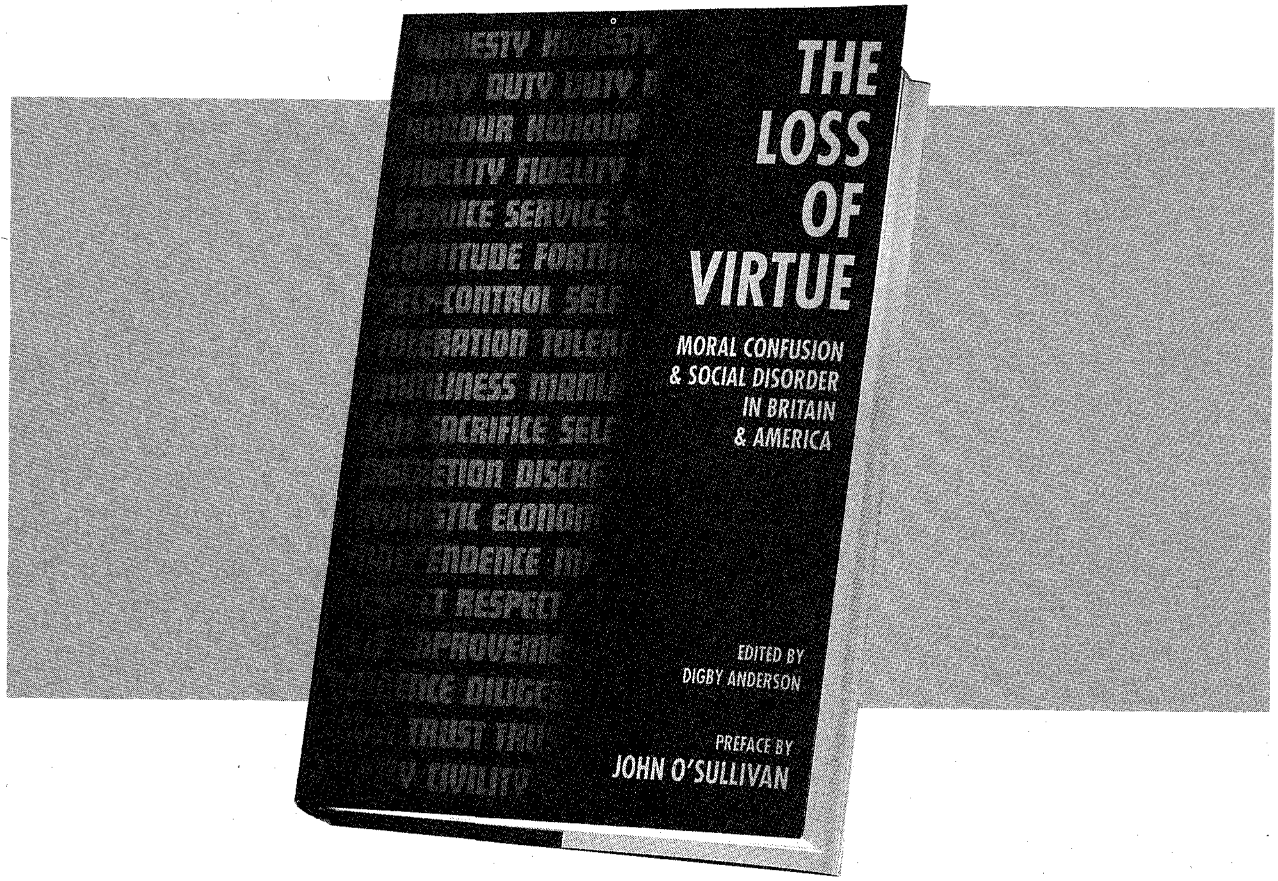
Mr. Sobran, NR's *critic-at-large, writes a twice-a-week column for Universal Press Syndicate.*

ILLUSTRATION BY VINTON LENNON

The Loss of Virtue


HONESTY DUTY HONOUR FIDELITY SERVICE FORTITUDE SELF-CONTROL TOLERATION MANLINESS SACRIFICE DISCRETION THRIFT ECONOMY INDEPENDENCE RESPECT IMPROVEMENT DILIGENCE TRUST CIVILITY
THE LOSS OF VIRTUE
MORAL CONFUSION & SOCIAL DISORDER IN BRITAIN & AMERICA
EDITED BY DIGBY ANDERSON
PREFACE BY JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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imagine, she still made more sense than Clinton. She stood for limited government and a return to morality, as she put it. I agreed with every word she said, but it seemed daft to say such things to a total stranger in Washington. When she learned I was a journalist she asked if she could phone me for some advice. Poor innocent! Americans think Washington-based journalists know everything. We must be giving the wrong impression. Anyway, I gave her the best inside tip I could think of: "You'll need a lot of money."

There *is* something about living in Washington that makes you feel different from the rest of the population. That is to say, superior. I felt absurd in that milling mass of visitors who were here to get a little whiff of History. Such patriotic awe of the place and its monuments embarrasses me. Anyone who lives here knows that the

Maya Loves Bill—and Kwame

IN HIS heart of hearts, Bill Clinton had known for a long time that one day he would grow up to hold in loving embrace the ultimate New Covenant woman, Barbra Streisand, queenly valedictorian of the assemblage of socially conscious stars the night before his inaugural. But even William Jefferson Clinton at his dreamiest could not have known that the next day he would be raised to the heights of Kwame Nkrumah, late dictator of Ghana. Only Maya Angelou, the poet laureate of the Clinton inaugural, who as a self-styled African-American "Revolutionary Returnee" lived for some years in Ghana in the early 1960s, could do this for him, celebrating President Clinton in the same worshipful tones she still uses for President Nkrumah. As recently as the late 1980s Miss Angelou renewed her Nkrumah worship in her "enhanced" autobiography *All God's Children Need Traveling Shoes.*

A principal theme of Miss Angelou's Inaugural Poem was a protest against "armed struggle for profit" and "seekers desperate for gain, starving for gold," which would certainly have surprised Kwame Nkrumah, who was as desperate for gain as the next man. Rather more so, in fact, as he and his followers—the predatory new black ruling class which has been the principal beneficiary of African independence—have been mainly responsible for reducing sub-Saharan Africa to the world's most economically backward region by their centralized economies, monopoly of power, and uninhibited taste for plunder. During two whole decades after Maya Angelou's euphoric African sojourn, all of sub-Saharan Africa (minus oil-rich Nigeria) had an average annual growth rate of almost exactly zero, and during the five years following that it has been shrinking at an annual rate of almost 1 per cent. Nkrumah himself took Ghana—Britain's first African colony to achieve independence, a model democracy with a robust economy, prosperous middle class, good schools and health services, and widespread respect for representative institutions—and turned it into a nightmare state of political collapse, economic chaos, social catastrophe, and indefinite military rule.

A second copiously elaborated theme of the Inaugural Poem was the now sacramental American "diversity" (Asian, Hispanic, Jew, African, Native American, Sioux, Catholic, Muslim, French, Greek, Irish, rabbi, priest, sheikh, gay, straight, Turk, Swede, German, Scot, Pawnee, Apache, Cherokee, Ashanti, Yoruba . . .), which is something of a new departure for Miss Angelou, who used to like only such diversity as was represented by Nkrumah, Patrice Lumumba, Malcolm X, Muhammad Ali, Martin Luther King Jr., Marcus Garvey, and W. E. B. Du Bois, plus occasional Jews, who are, after all, her publishers.

But her "poem," such as it is, reached its apogee with the evocation, no fewer than five times, of the "bright morning" dawning for America with the new Clinton Administration. This allowed Miss Angelou to return to her natural mode, which is one of celebration tinged with sycophancy, reminiscent of the luminous dreams she had for Africa, her "mother," and its charismatic leader Nkrumah, doubtless her "father," who she probably felt (and he definitely felt) was called to rule over a united and ascendant Africa. A full two decades after Kwame Nkrumah had done his best to eradicate civil society in Ghana, Maya Angelou wrote of the period of his depredations: "Ghana was flourishing. The National Council of Ghana Women was beginning to prove that centuries-old tribal mistrust could be erased with intelligence and determination. Large shining office buildings rose in the cities and the land was filled with happiness. People stopped in the street and said to passersby, 'Oh, but life is sweet, oh, and the air is cool on my skin like fresh water.' The shared joy was traceable to President Nkrumah, who had encouraged his people to cherish their African personality. His statements were memorized and repeated in the litany of teachers and students. We shadowed Nkrumah's every move, and read carefully his speeches, committing the more eloquent passages to memory. We, the Revolutionary Returnees [black American expatriates], danced the High Life at the Lido, throwing our hips from side to side as if we would have no further use for them. Or we would sit together discussing how we could better serve Ghana, its revolution, and President Nkrumah. We lived hard and dizzyingly fast."

Too fast, perhaps, as, a few months after Miss Angelou's departure, her idol Nkrumah was overthrown while on a mission to Peking and Hanoi to bring "peace" in Vietnam. All in all, given the extensive amount of self-congratulation at the Clinton inaugural on America's "peaceful transitions," Maya Angelou seemed a bizarre choice for Inaugural poet. But as Bill Clinton sang along with Barbra Streisand, and his eyes welled up with emotion at Maya Angelou, one could only hope that Miss Angelou brings him and us better fortune than she brought Kwame Nkrumah and Ghana.

—RICHARD GRENIER

Mr. Grenier's most recent book is Capturing the Culture: Film, Art, and Politics.

Lincoln Memorial has nothing to do with the city's everyday business. I make an effort to humble myself by reflecting that maybe these good souls have preserved something vital that I in my cynicism have lost, but, well, sorry, I don't believe it. I tried to keep my lip from curling as I overheard a man reverently telling his little girl about the Capitol. On these august occasions all I can think about is how happy I'll be when all these hicks go back where they came from—Ohio or Georgia or some damn place. I'm more misanthropic than Florence King, though probably not as bad as Timon of Athens.

When Clinton had taken the oath of office, the crowd roared. I shrank from the noise. Not that it was particularly a Boomer sort of roar, mind you. It sounded like straight traditional vox populi. But I wasn't part of it and didn't want to be. I felt like Casca watching Antony offer Caesar the crown. The Tenth Amendment is my mantra.

Clinton delivered his speech, self-consciously Kennedyesque, full of words like *sacrifice*, *challenges*, *bold*, *vision*, *summon*, *change*, *determination*, *resolve*, *renew*, *rebuild*, *revitalize*, *rededicate*, and the trendy *reinvent*. It's said he wrote it all himself, staying up until 4 A.M. to finish it.

Though short, it was longwinded. Clinton was careful to be brief. But in this case brevity wasn't the soul of wit. He was straining for grand effects he didn't know how to hit off, and he fell back on a vocabulary he deemed inspirational. Well, it worked for Kennedy.

Before, say, Franklin Roosevelt, American politicians aspired to immortality through words, not programs. Their models were classical orators, Shakespeare, Burke. They thought of themselves as belonging ultimately to the realm of literature, not power, and they hoped their speeches would survive and be studied. And Americans did buy and read political speeches, and even memorized them in school. That was the age when books of sermons could also be best-sellers.

Now speeches are throwaway propaganda, written by hired speechwriters, worked over by "advisors," and meant only for immediate effect. They are for electronic broadcast, not private meditation. Clinton's model is John Kennedy—which is to say, Theodore Sorensen. His speech was meant to convey heroic will, like Kennedy's inaugural (another "generational" effort), but it fell flat, and looks even weaker when you read it. No music, poor lyrics, no substance. Just "resolve." To do what? "Sacrifice." Meaning what? A tax increase? Probably. "Not choosing sacrifice for its own sake, but for *our* own sake." Clinton had been using this line to interviewers for weeks.

And those lame epigrams! "There is nothing wrong with America that cannot be cured by what is right with America." "We must do what America does best: offer more opportunity to all and demand more responsibility from all." "A government for our tomorrows, not our yesterdays." No matter how deliberately he speaks, Clinton can't help sounding glib. Glibness set to fancy syntax remains glibness. His rhetoric has the same annoying quality as all those phony-terse advertising slogans that take up a full page with a couple of sentence fragments set in dramatic type. ("Wormwood. Because you deserve the very best.")

"Great speech," the man beside me said. I smiled my smile of noncommittal benevolence, not wishing to injure his sense of being present in History. As all Americans know, a Great Speech is a sure augury of a Great President. But let's face it: in the post-Elvis era, oratory itself is a little archaic, like playing the harpsichord.

After Clinton came the black female poet Maya Angelou, who, in a voice an octave lower than Clinton's, rumbled out a piece of work listing various minorities, not omitting gays. It was hard to follow, but it touched all the bases, affirmative-actionwise. Truly inclusive, the poem earned a place in Bartlett's Familiar Quotas. The best that can be said for it is that in its peak moment it achieved doggerel. I was relieved that the man next to me didn't say, "Great poem." It was one of those moments everyone tries to be tactful about.

All in all, Inauguration Day 1993 was a bad day for the English language. But then in Washington, the English language never has a nice day. □

To 1996 and Beyond

FORWARD, MARCH!

Instead of lamenting the lost Reagan Era, conservatives must take up arms, and ideas, for the new century.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

ELECTION DAY last year fell on November 3. On November 4, the sun rose on a truly epic political contest: the struggle for the soul of the conservative movement and—since they are inextricably intertwined—for control of the Republican Party.

One of the first great battles in that struggle will take place over the 1996 Republican presidential nomination. Voters will be wooed intensely by various rivals for that nomination. I carry in my left-hand jacket pocket a list of twenty people who today, with another general election and all its possibilities still to go before 1996 even dawns, have the right to be considered contenders.

Significantly, the great majority of them proudly and quite rightly call themselves conservatives. And even the three or four who have adroitly positioned themselves to benefit if conservatism should somehow become unpopular would still, if asked today, contend that they are basically conservative. For America's two major political parties are like bottles, ready to carry any elixir that promises to sell,

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Mr. Rusher, formerly publisher of NR, *is a senior fellow of the Claremont Institute, in Claremont, California.*

and the Republican bottle is still full with conservative wine.

Despite predictable liberal claims to the contrary, George Bush's defeat does nothing to change this picture. To be sure, Bush was nominated and elected in 1988 as Ronald Reagan's anointed heir. But originally he represented (and was picked by Reagan for the vice-presidential slot *because* he represented) the pre-conservative Republican establishment. Movement

What Next?

CONSERVATIVES should be delighted by the opportunities presented by President Bush's defeat; in the words of Bob Bartley, "After all, if Ford hadn't lost in '76, we never would have had Reagan in '80." But if we are not to waste the next four years, conservatives must consider how they might better approach their image, their organization, and their issues.

In the area of image, our first public fight will be over the interpretation of George Bush's defeat. The Darman contingent is saying what the pundits want to hear—that it's all the fault of capitulation to the Religious Right. We must point out that the evidence does not support this—to the contrary, public support *rose* during the Convention (though we were not smart in the way we handled it: we provided the media with twistable soundbites and then abandoned the issues without rebuttal). More importantly, however, every exit poll showed that the economy was the predominant issue among the vast majority of voters. Yet throughout the campaign Richard Darman, who controlled all numbers coming out of Bush–Quayle, actively blocked any specific rebuttal of the spurious charges ("worst economy in fifty years," etc.). Mr. Darman's failure was understandable, since any attempt at rebuttal would have exposed the 1990 budget deal for the extreme example of hubris and mismanagement that it was.

Conservative Republicans must start by differentiating themselves from the idea-free establishment wing of the party, which never understood the Reagan magic. There is a new polarity coming in politics, cutting across both parties, between the elitists and the populists. The dividing line is between those who want professionals to make people's decisions for them, and those who feel most choices are best left to individual citizens, or to that level of organization closest to home.

In this we have in many ways stolen a march on the Left—we're for parents and kids, they're for union bosses—but if we're to get credit for it we must cultivate the appropriate image. We have to be *for* things, not just against, and the language we use should be the language of empathy and choice.

THE Right has become better organized since the 1960s. Yet there are at least eight areas that require further action.

1. *Statistical accuracy & fairness:* We need an organization whose role would be the immediate assessment of all newsworthy studies according to a previously disseminated set of standards. The need is obvious from the spurious attack on the economy during the campaign—the data start with the wrong year, the sample size is too small, it doesn't adjust for inflation, it looks at percentages instead of absolutes or averages instead of means, the population sets are not comparable. A Center for Statistical Accuracy would also have been helpful in rebutting, for example, the flawed Carnegie study on school choice. Whether the issue is the environment, single mothers, or abortion, a non-partisan assessment to rebut misstatements before they become gospel would be welcome. And *non-partisan* is important. Not only is it essential to credibility, but I am also confident that, since conservative beliefs derive in great part from experience rather than from some pre-formed ideology, truth will break for us. If it doesn't, we should reconsider our position.

2. *Hollywood:* Conservatives must gird their loins and venture into Deepest, Darkest West Coast. We have no right to complain about the demise of popular culture if we make no effort to share our ideas with its creators. Contrary to sterotype, it's not that these people are hopelessly Left, but rather that they never hear anything else. For instance, when last in California I was fortunate enough to listen to Stan Winston and Arnold Schwarzenegger discuss possible plot ideas for their next movie. One of the concepts: Big bad American businessman rapes the Brazilian rainforest. At which point, unable to contain myself, I started talking about the politics of the rainforest, and conservationists as opposed to environmentalists, all of which approximated speaking Martian—very interesting but never encountered before. The translations continue, the students are eager, but we're desperately short of teachers.

3. *Creative legal activism:* The Left has advanced its agenda not, primarily, through legislation, but through the courts. Yet the Right has seemed content to play defense. But that means you must eventually lose; unless you take control of the ball you never score points of your own.

It is important for our public-interest law firms to look for cases (the recent CAFE standard and Milwaukee school choice are two examples) that would set an important precedent, have media value, and are winnable. Unless President Clinton quickly appoints enough Justices who share Senator Biden's contempt for property rights, the issue of takings in "wetlands" decisions is ripe for such an aggressive approach. We might even consider enforcing the one campus quota that is ignored: hiring Vietnam veterans. As long as the law is there, use it for good.

4. *Promoting Afro-American leaders*: If we are the party that speaks to self-help, advancement, and improvement through lower taxes, less regulation, better education, and strong families, then minorities are a natural Republican constituency and we have been remiss in not making an extra effort to let them know they

Miss Richardson is the first vice president of the Women's National Republican Club and executive director of the Council on Culture & Community.

conservatives never regarded him as anything but the caboose of the Reagan Express, and in the Oval Office his ritual gestures of loyalty to the Sacred Cause were accompanied, and in many conservative eyes overshadowed, by lapses in the direction of compromise with liberalism. Bush's defeat, therefore, can hardly be interpreted by any but the most purblind observers as a popular repudiation of conservatism itself.

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are welcome. We should engage in an active program of outreach and inclusion, and not just on "black" or ethnic issues but across the spectrum. Such matters go to the core of our philosophical differences with the Left: groups *v.* individuals, dependency *v.* empowerment, social welfare bureaucrats *v.* strong families and communities, quotas *v.* merit, "multiculturalism" and cultural relativism *v.* transcendent ideas and ideals.

5. *Tapping small businesses:* The formal small-business organizations were hardly to be seen this election cycle, in part perhaps because they disliked President Bush, in part because they are, after all, lobbying organizations, which need to remain friendly with the powers that be. Still, if President Clinton proceeds as promised, small business will be devastated by the costs of proposals involving family leave, health care, job training, regulation, and so on, as well as by inheritance and other taxes. Given that small businesses are the root of American entrepreneurship and the source of virtually all private-sector job creation, this is an important constituency to make more politically aggressive, visible, and vocal. The NFIB (National Federation of Independent Business) and others may do this themselves; in any case, our think-tanks should seek them out and work with them.

6. *Local politics:* You in Washington, particularly, with your experience and credentials: go home and run for something. This may not seem as glamorous as being in Washington, but it becomes particularly important with the advent of term limits. The dirty little secret of term limits is that it almost guarantees an increase in the number of Democrats —Democrats win open seats by a margin approaching 2 to 1. That's because they understand the importance of controlling local offices, of working your way up, of learning how to campaign. Democrats succeed because, to paraphrase Alan Ehrenhalt, they believe in government and gravitate toward it, whereas Republicans think they have better things to do. We need to revive the Cincinnatus tradition, giving honor and prestige to those who engage in public service and leave.

7. *Connections to power:* When Elaine Kamarck and Al From set up the DLC several years ago, they quite deliberately created not only a think tank but an "Elected Officials Group." As they saw it, Sunday magazine articles are not enough. There must be a conscious and continual connection—outlining issues, planning strategy, implementing tactics—with the people who pull the trigger. Our weakness here is even more critical now that we have no clearly defined leadership.

8. *Relations among ourselves:* I was disheartened when a stalwart of the conservative community asked me if I really thought we needed to communicate better among ourselves or whether we might not want to be simply entrepreneurial, letting each do as he wanted, then subjecting the results to an intellectual/political "market test." In my view, seeing this philosophical and political movement as an economy in which we are all competing *with each other* is a flawed model. I am not suggesting that we emulate Lenin and control all activity. But perhaps we should think of ourselves as a jigsaw puzzle, each piece fitting with the next. Or as Conagra, one of the largest poultry producers in the United States. It is made up of roughly forty businesses, operating almost wholly independently, yet each communicating with and advancing in its own way the interests of the whole.

We have networks available to us: the legislators of ALEC (American Legislative Exchange Council), the satellite stations of National Empowerment Television, the small businesses of the NFIB, the ministers of the Coalition for the Restoration of the Black Family, *NR*/Heritage's Town Hall, the family of alternative student newspapers, the membership of Christian Coalition, Concerned Women of America, the NRA, and the tiny nascent group of Hollywood folk at American Forum. Think-tankers should be availing themselves of these potential allies and thereby leveraging the work we already do. No one said we had to agree on everything. But the Left has been smarter about subsuming individual egos to the greater goal and forming never-acknowledged, well-coordinated ad-hoc coalitions on any number of issues. (Think of the Clarence Thomas hearings, with a shoe dropping every ten days or so. Or the recent election, complete with Magic Johnson's resignation and the Weinberger indictment.) This too is a page to tear from their playbook.

SOMEHOW, issues seem to take Republicans unprepared. For each of the issues which will soon be on the table, we need to grab the initiative. That means thinking out, beforehand, what creative coalitions we might form, and then coordinating and crafting preemptive legislation, judicial action, and a conscious campaign of writers and talking heads.

We have three winning issues in place: health care (the Heritage plan, not the Bush bastardization of it); tenant management and home-ownership of public housing; and full school choice. Several others need to be better defined: women in combat, the range of environmental issues, crime, economic policy. Finally, two issues, though ultimately winnable, are doomed to fail politically unless they are better articulated and positioned: abortion and family values. But that's another article.

We have a great advantage over the Dark Days of the 1970s; this time we know our ideas work, and we know we can win.

—HEATHER S. RICHARDSON

Conservatism's duty in the wake of Bush's defeat is thus not to "fire and fall back"—the traditional infantry formula when overpowered. Instead, it is to regroup and attack. But the attack will have to be launched on new fronts, for the old battles have largely been won.

Many, perhaps most, conservatives do not yet realize just how sweeping their victories have been. When the modern conservative movement first appeared on the American scene more than forty years ago, it proposed to apply conservative principles across the board in coping with the basic problems of American society. But two of those problems were especially acute. One was the global threat posed, in stark terms of national survival, by the Soviet Union. The other was the fundamental issue of how this nation, or indeed any free nation, should be organized economically: whether by some democratic analogy to Marxism, along lines laid down and policed by the state, or in keeping with the principles of free-market economics.

Try to Remember

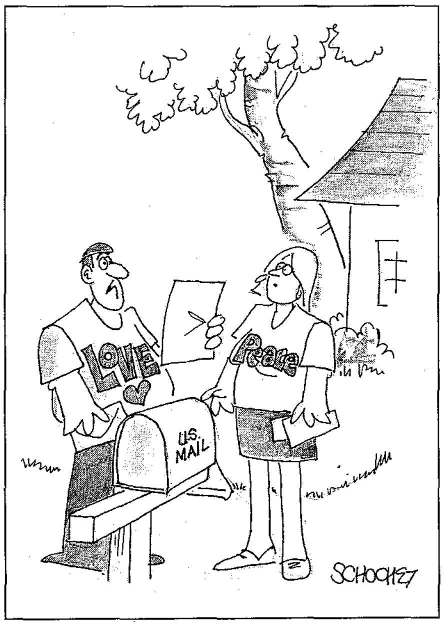
IT IS HARD to remember, in retrospect, how grim the battles on those issues were in 1950 and for many years thereafter. Among most thoughtful people, including a good many pessimistic conservatives, some form of democratic socialism (or "liberalism," as its cautious American subspecies was called) seemed to be the economic system toward which, inescapably, the world's free nations were tending. As for the cold war, as late as 1980 many observers considered that the Soviet Union was gradually winning it. Many—though to their credit not all—American liberals managed to go through its entire forty-year span without ever realizing there was a war on, preferring to chalk it all up to a "misunderstanding" and carefully assigning at least half the blame to the United States.

And yet, as the final decade of the twentieth century unfolds, the Soviet Union is as dead as the Ottoman Empire, and the principles of free-market economics, if not yet always their practice, are dominant everywhere—even in Peking. The Heritage Foundation has opened a Moscow office, and in Washington Michael Kinsley has been reduced to hunting forlornly for possible exceptions to the acknowledged rules of free-market economics.

Conservatism thus finds itself in the exhilarating but slightly uncomfortable position of having lost its two prime adversaries, Communism and democratic socialism. That does not mean, however, that conservatism has lost its *raison d'être*, or even the intellectual initiative. Certainly liberalism cannot claim the latter. Even President-elect Clinton first rose to national prominence as chairman of the Democratic Leadership Council, a group formed in 1985 specifically to lift the albatross of liberalism from the neck of the Democratic Party. Conservatism remains the dominant philosophy in American politics.

Richard Weaver was fond of silencing questioning students at the University of Chicago by telling them that conservatism was "the paradigm of essences to which the phenomenology of the world is in continuing approximation." I prefer to say that it is simply the application of our civilization's profoundest insights into the nature of the world and mankind to that class of problems broadly denominated as "political."

But of course political ideas need a vehicle, even as wine needs a bottle. Fortunately the Republican Party is well positioned to continue to serve as the vehicle of the conservative movement. It asks only that we show it the way to victory. I see no reason why conservatives cannot, yet again, do exactly that, either in 1996 or soon thereafter.



"Get out of town. We don't want your kind around here."

First, though, conservatives must identify the issues that will dominate the opening decades of the twenty-first century. Inevitably, this will threaten serious fissures in the conservative movement. Some of these fissures—e.g., between neo- and paleoconservatives, and between "pro-life" and "pro-choice" forces on the abortion issue—are already visible. Others lurk just below the surface. But if conservatism is indeed mankind's most successful means of applying fundamental truths to political problems, there is every reason to be confident that it will find the right political solutions for humanity in the decades ahead.

What are the issues we must now confront? One of them, summed up in the word "environmentalism," may at first strike conservatives as a relatively minor problem. But the evidence is growing that it has been seized upon by the deracinated Left as the basis of a formidable agenda, involving the very nature of human society. At bottom it challenges the whole technological basis of Western civilization. Appealing to our instinctive fondness for "nature" and the simple life, it revives the themes of Rousseau and Thoreau to launch an all-out attack on the works of man.

Not long ago a kindly philanthropist agreed to finance the construction, on a mountain-top in Arizona, of an important new telescope. The plan was quickly assailed by "environmentalists" on the ground that this particular site was the sole remaining habitat of an endangered subspecies of red squirrel. Investigation soon disclosed that the squirrel could be found in many other areas. The opponents of the telescope thereupon simply shifted their ground: the area in question, they now object, is the site of an ancient Indian burial-ground, sacred to local tribes.

It is not difficult to glimpse, behind these successive claims, a more ambitious aim: to thwart, wherever possible, the technological advances characteristic of Western society. The attack is always launched, ostensibly, with the best of intentions: the environmentalists have occupied every square inch of the moral high ground on this subject. Conservatives may assume that the lumberjack vote will ultimately outnumber the spotted-owl

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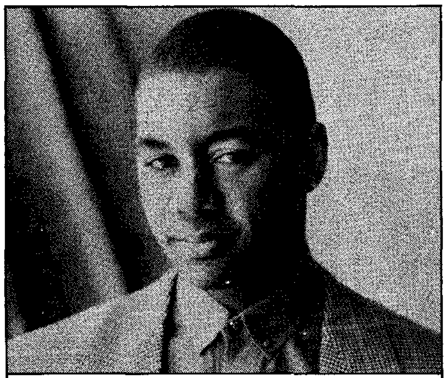

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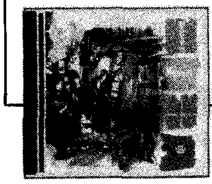

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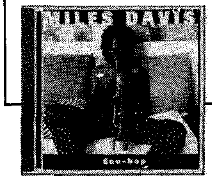

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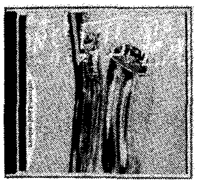

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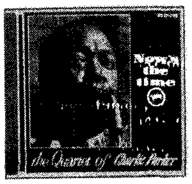

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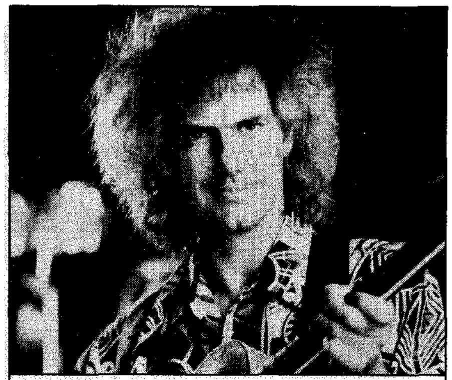

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vote, but the spotted owl, like the Pope, has more divisions than we may imagine. The whole anti-capitalist agenda has found a new home in the environmentalist cause, and joins hands there with every sentimental admirer of small furry creatures and every half-educated worrier who can be persuaded to fall for the latest scientific horror story, from "acid rain" and "nuclear winter" to the "ozone hole" and the "greenhouse effect."

In response, conservatives have . . . what? There is not, so far as I know, a single respected conservative voice, bar one or two isolated scientists, combatting this globally coordinated onslaught by the Greens. We will ignore it at our peril.

Courage and Wisdom

THEN THERE is another issue, even greater in its manifestations and implications: the social phenomenon called "the underclass." Thirty years and $3.5 trillion have been squandered on liberal "solutions" to the basic problem, and have only made it infinitely worse. Now at last, thanks to the magisterial analyses of Charles Murray, the first faint whiffs of realism can be detected. Conservatism has said everything sensible that has yet been said on the matter; traditional liberalism is utterly devoid of ideas, and knows it. But more, much more, remains to be thought, said, and done. The conservative movement must find the wisdom and courage to speak out, while displaying the diplomacy and compassion needed to carry the day with American public opinion.

Or consider yet another great national issue which only the conservative movement has the moral and intellectual resources to confront. The Founding Fathers wisely left a number of burning issues—slavery, for one—to be settled by future generations. Themselves children of the English and Scottish "shallow" Enlightenment, they were well aware that mankind in the eighteenth century was reassessing society's relationship to God—a relationship which most of them believed was central to good government. But aside from forbidding Congress to make any law "respecting an establishment of religion" (such as prevailed in Britain) "or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," they left the exact nature of the relationship to be decided in the future.

In the twentieth century the federal judiciary, swept along by the powerful secular-humanist tide, has interpreted the First Amendment so strictly as to prohibit virtually any relationship whatever between religion and civil society. The result is that atheism has become, by default, the official position of the American state. But such a result is as false to the real sentiments of the American people as an established church would be.

Today, as the secular world-tide slackens in the wake of our disastrous man-centered century, the question of the proper posture of American society on this subject is beginning to surface again. And with it has arisen a whole set of related questions involving our attitude toward various social issues: abortion, school prayer, the death penalty, and above all the concept and importance of the family.

These issues cannot be avoided, even if we try; the forces ranged on the other side are determined to prevail. The proposition that a photograph of a crucifix immersed in a jar of urine is not only worthy to be called "art" but entitled to a federal subsidy ought to warn us that the battle is going to be waged *à outrance*.

Interestingly, the need for official endorsement of certain religious insights is widely recognized. Not long ago even Governor Cuomo, a public servant noted for his zealous protection of the principle of official secularism, suggested that the public schools might be encouraged to inculcate such "values" as "Love thy neighbor"—apparently forgetting, temporarily, the source of that particular piece of advice. But how can such a need be acknowledged by society, and made a part of its fabric, without violating the constitutional prohibition?

We conservatives are going to have to be careful in answering such questions, but we have an obligation to answer them.

Irving Kristol is one of America's most thoughtful commentators, of the neoconservative school. As a Jew, he stands formally outside the Christian tradition. But in an article in the August 1991 *Commentary* he predicted where America may be heading:

> As the spirit of secular humanism loses its momentum, it is reasonable to anticipate that religion will play a more central role in American life. In theory, this religion need not be Christian. We see today all sorts of neopagan impulses bubbling up from below, filling an aching spiritual void. . . .
>
> Still, it is more reasonable to anticipate that the overwhelming majority of Americans, as they turn to religion, will turn to some version . . . of Christianity. [And] as American society becomes more Christian, less secular, the "wall of separation between church and state" will become more porous. . . .
>
> The key question, inevitably, is whether a less secular, more religious society will mean an increase in anti-Semitism. . . . In our increasingly multiethnic society, it is hard to see why hostility to Jews should be a ruling passion for large numbers of Americans. . . . The real danger is not from a revived Christianity, which American Jews (if they are sensible) can cope with, but from an upsurge

WITH a view to stimulating serious consideration of the important problems our society faces, the Claremont Institute has announced the launching of a series of conferences under the general heading "Project 1996." The first of these, which will be devoted to the issue of welfare and the underclass, is scheduled to take place in Claremont, California, late this spring, and will be followed by panels, debates, and talks on questions identified in the conference as calling for further discussion. Subsequent conferences in the series will address the questions of environmentalism, the role of religion in American society, and other major issues. Contenders for the 1996 Republican presidential nomination will be invited to participate in these programs, along with prominent conservative spokesmen of all persuasions. Printed transcripts of the major addresses and significant debates and discussions will be made available by the Institute.

Project 1996 should contribute substantially to the dialogue that began on November 4, and which we hope will culminate in the choice of a new conservative leader as the Republican presidential nominee in 1996. Conservatives' contribution to the betterment of American society is already immense, but it has only begun. —WAR of anti-biblical barbarism that will challenge Christianity, Judaism, and Western civilization altogether. The passing secular humanism is already pointing to such a "shaking of the foundations."

If Irving Kristol is that prepared for a recrudescent Christianity in twenty-first century America, the very least Christian conservatives can do is meet him halfway. □

The Hiss–Chambers Case

WITNESS FOR THE TRUTH

It has been Alger Hiss's face on all the front pages—but there were two players in the Hiss–Chambers case.

SAM TANENHAUS

NOW THAT General Dmitri A. Volkogonov has retracted his rash statement exonerating Alger Hiss, and Mr. Hiss himself has receded from the public spotlight, it seems fair to say a word about the man who was truly vindicated by the whole sorry episode. I mean Mr. Hiss's accuser, Whittaker Chambers. For the first fundamental fact of the Hiss case—and the wellspring of its great drama—is that it featured two major actors. We've heard a great deal about one of them, Alger Hiss, and about his public life. How he was one of the so-called New Deal lawyers, a junior member of President Franklin Roosevelt's brain trust, who later became a ranking member of the State Department, in attendance at the Yalta Conference of 1945 and at the founding conference of the United Nations, being named its temporary Secretary General. You may know too that Mr. Hiss left the government in 1947 to assume the presidency of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and that he still held that position the following year when he was identified as a onetime Communist by Whittaker Chambers in hearings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

But who was Whittaker Chambers? Who was this man who said he had known Alger Hiss intimately, had stayed for weeks in his house, and had been given the use of Mr. Hiss's car? This man who, even as he professed his affection for Mr. Hiss, claimed that Mr. Hiss had been, along with Chambers himself, a Communist in the 1930s, a loyal servant of the Soviet Union? And who, when challenged by Alger Hiss to repeat his accusations outside the protective immunity of a congressional committee, promptly did repeat them and found himself the chief witness in the perjury trials of Alger Hiss, the second of them ending in Mr. Hiss's conviction and sentencing to a jail term?

One answer came from Mr. Hiss's son in the pages of *The New Yorker*. Whittaker Chambers's story, says Tony Hiss,

> is a very sad [one] about a sensitive, probably brilliant man . . . a deeply troubled person, who wanted to be important, and who, in his agony, repeatedly befriended men he admired, then turned on them and tried to destroy them. . . . If Whittaker Chambers had been a younger man, perhaps some of the pain in his mind might have melted away, and he wouldn't have had to endure so much guilt simply because he found himself attracted both to men and to women. He was also tormented by the suicide of his brother, Richard, in 1926, and by the thought that Richard might somehow have formed the idea that Whittaker, too, intended to kill himself, and therefore Richard's death could in some sense be described as a suicide pact gone wrong. I've thought that perhaps Whittaker Chambers felt drawn to my father not because he wanted to be with him but because he wished he could somehow *be* him, and possess his serenity and untroubled outlook.

No one can blame a son for coming staunchly to his father's defense. But Tony Hiss has done more than that. He has advanced reckless opinions about Whittaker Chambers, and these deserve a reply.

What strikes one first about Tony Hiss's remarks is their pretense of sympathy for Chambers—*pretense*, because nowhere does Tony Hiss mention the actual price Chambers paid for testifying against Alger Hiss. Nowhere does he mention, for instance, that just as Hiss's career was ruined by the case, so too was Chamber's; he was forced to resign his job, a very good one as senior editor of *Time* magazine, because of the publicity the case received. Nor does Tony Hiss mention that, while his father served nearly four years in a minimum-security prison, Chambers suffered the privation of exile. He was not, of course, incarcerated; he retired to his Maryland farm, and it would be disingenuous to equate its rolling acreage with a prison cell. Nonetheless it is well known that it hurt Chambers deeply to be cast out from the profession he loved and to feel the buffets of contempt from so many in the community to which he had belonged. These omissions make Tony Hiss's sympathy seem hypocritical.

It is also deceitful, for Tony Hiss uses the camouflage of his sympathy to sneak into his argument a glancing reference to Whittaker Chambers's self-professed homosexuality and to imply, with no evidence, that it had something to do with his feelings toward Alger Hiss. This motive was floated, as rumor, during the perjury trials before it was quashed at the insistence of Alger Hiss himself.

No less insidiously, Tony Hiss proposes an interpretation of Chambers's conduct first offered at the trials themselves, where it was part of the *ad hominem* counterattack devised by Alger Hiss's attorneys. They tried to portray Chambers not only as a liar but also as a fantasist afflicted with a disorder called "psychopathic personality." The strategy failed but in 1967

Mr. Tanenhaus has received a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities for his biography of Whittaker Chambers, to be published by Random House.

was rehabilitated in a book, *Friendship and Fratricide*, written by a San Francisco psychoanalyst, Meyer Zeligs. The doctor's findings have achieved a sanctity verging on the scriptural among Mr. Hiss's partisans. Tony Hiss knows this book well. He quotes Dr. Zeligs's conclusion that Chambers suffered from "a deeply ingrained need to accuse others and witness their destruction."

A Different Lens

OTHERS, however, have been more skeptical. The literary critic Lionel Trilling, a leading Freudian, once said *Friendship and Fratricide* did more to discredit the field of psycho-history than any other book he had read. Trilling first met Chambers when both were undergraduates at Columbia University in the 1920s and came to know him better in the 1930s. Trilling didn't like Chambers much, as he frankly admitted. But he did respect him, and it was out of respect for Chambers's struggles with Communism that Trilling modeled a character on him in his novel *The Middle of the Journey* in 1947. Alger Hiss's lawyers, who had heard of the novel but not, evidently, read it closely, approached Lionel Trilling in the hope that he would testify against Chambers as a character witness. Trilling declined with a remark that has become famous: "Whittaker Chambers is a man of honor." It is hard to imagine a characterization more at odds with the portrait offered in *The New Yorker* by Tony Hiss.

But what is most disappointing about Tony Hiss's argument is not its dishonesty. It is its triviality. The argument occurs on the same level of seriousness as those commentaries which luridly emphasize the physical contrast between accused and accuser, Mr. Hiss's boyish handsomeness and lean build being set against Mr. Chambers's squat frame and rumpled suits. Tony Hiss betrays, that is, a lack of imagination, and in consequence he disserves Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss alike. For if the Hiss case continues to compel our interest—and recent events confirm that it does—it is because, as Chambers himself once said, "Alger Hiss and I are archetypes."

Mr. Hiss's supporters point often to the admirable record he attained in government. They tell us he was a paragon of the New Deal. And this is true. Seen most favorably his career seems indeed a résumé of the high liberalism that resurrected faith in government at a time when Americans' confidence in their leaders had been badly shaken; the same liberalism that, for better or worse, shaped the role our country played in the aftermath of World War II, when the United States and the Soviet Union emerged as two extraordinary powers in a world divided by an unprecedented bipolarity. It is right, I repeat, that Mr. Hiss's accomplishments be presented in this way, right that he be granted his archetypal status.

But Mr. Chambers too must be granted his status as archetype, and this is where so many commentators—Tony Hiss is only one among legions—have let us down, for it is one of the enduring oddities of the case that Mr. Hiss is customarily presented to us in the warm light of his high professional accomplishment while Mr. Chambers is subjected to harsh, speculative interpretations of his private, personal torment. The most recent example is an article that ran in December in the *New York Times*. Here is how it sets forth what its writer calls the "iconology" of the case:

> Alger Hiss was a handsome and brilliant public servant—Supreme Court clerk to Oliver Wendell Holmes; advisor to Roosevelt at Yalta; presiding officer at the San Francisco conference that established the United Nations; head of the Carnegie Endowment. Mr. Chambers, by contrast, was the pudgy, brooding product of a broken and suicidal family: sexually confused; politically extreme; someone who, by his own admission, lied to investigators.

The facts are misleading. Mr. Hiss's family was more "suicidal" than Mr. Chambers's. Chambers, more often than Hiss, was called "brilliant." Worse is the imbalance of iconological data. One man's public, official self is pitted against another man's private self. This is unfair. Wherever one stands on the question of Mr. Hiss's innocence or guilt, one must proceed from the realization that the case began with two men, each at the apex of a distinguished career, each with far more to lose than to gain. I have briefly made some summarized Alger Hiss's career. Now let me say something about Whittaker Chambers.

The first thing that needs to be said

Lessons of the Bush Defeat

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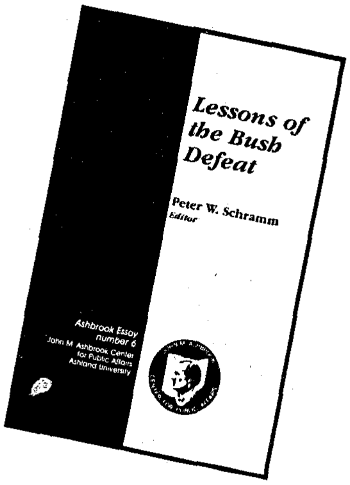
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is that he was a literary intellectual, among his generation's most gifted. It is surprising how few Americans, otherwise educated in our cultural history, are aware of this. Many have read the one book Chambers completed in his lifetime, the eight-hundred-page memoir *Witness*, a classic of American autobiography. Little has been said, however, about his other writings. In fact there is only one sustained essay on Chambers's literary career, and it was a piece not much longer than this one, written by me.* It remains nearly a secret that in the 1920s and 1930s Chambers was a promising literary artist—poet, fiction writer, and translator—whose work appeared in leading journals and who in 1932, at age 31, was handed the editorship of one of them, the *New Masses*.

In that same year he was transferred from the open Communist Party to its underground apparatus. He was instructed, at this time, to discontinue his writing, and there is perhaps no plainer indication of Chambers's commitment to the Party as a young man than his obedience to this command, the most difficult for any writer to obey. But it must be added that at this phase in his life Chambers was little impressed by himself as a writer and little impressed by literature itself, much as he loved it. For as his involvement with the Communist Party deepened he gradually yielded his belief in the shaping power of words. He agreed in essence with W. H. Auden's line: "Poetry makes nothing happen." Even the propagandistic prose Chambers contributed to the *New Masses* (most notably the short stories that made him, as a contemporary said, "the hottest literary Bolshevik" in New York) seemed of negligible value when measured against the effects achieved by the true instrumentalities of political action—the organization of workers, the mobilization of a revolutionary vanguard, and, of course, the conspiratorial "secret work" that Chambers himself had been recruited in 1932 to perform and that took him two years later to Washington, D.C., where he was placed inside the Communist cell that included Alger Hiss.

Chambers willingly accepted his transfer to the underground. Among a generation of American intellectuals who were as a group uncommonly involved in politics, Chambers was exceptional for the passion of his commitment. In his undergraduate days, his literary friends observed a special intensity about him as well as a restlessness, a desire to put his convictions to the test. To quote Lionel Trilling again: "Chambers was the first person I ever knew whose commitment to radical politics was meant to be definitive of his whole moral being, the controlling element of his existence." Radical politics, in the era when Chambers and Trilling were young men, meant Communism, and when Chambers enrolled in the Party, in 1925, he was ready from that moment forward to offer the best of himself on its altar.

And yet his literary talents could not be suppressed indefinitely, and when he defected from the Communist underground in 1938, it was as a writer that he chose to climb back into the daylight world. He supported himself as a translator at first, and then, through the intercession of a friend, he landed a job reviewing books at *Time* magazine. Within a few years he had mounted its steep, competitive pyramid, gaining footholds in positions of steadily increasing importance in what was, in the 1940s, the single most influential mass medium in the English-speaking world. He did so on the strength of his abilities as a writer and editor. Henry Luce, *Time*'s cofounder and its editor-in-chief, said bluntly that Chambers was the best writer the magazine had ever had, in the days when its stable included James Agee, John Hersey, Robert Fitzgerald, Theodore White, and others almost as accomplished. In one year, 1946, Chambers and Agee, Chambers's soulmate at *Time*, became an entire department in themselves, called Special Projects, and together produced the lead story in approximately one-half of that year's issues.

As a writer Chambers had a remarkable range. He wrote about Albert Einstein and James Joyce, about Marian Anderson and Reinhold Niebuhr. His cover story on Arnold Toynbee was so widely discussed that *Time*, in answer to reader demand, reissued it as pamphlet and received 14,000 requests for copies, some coming from university presidents. Chambers wrote about books and religion, about movies and philosophy. But his pet topic was agriculture. He himself owned three hundred acres outside Westminster, Maryland, and on weekends he traveled by train the long distance from Manhattan to Westminster to share chores on the farm with his wife and two children.

This was the life Chambers was leading in 1948, one of vigorous mental exertion in the city and of equally vigorous physical labor in the country. It was a demanding life, but for a man who a decade before had been holed up in a Florida beach house, awaiting KGB assassins, it was as near an ideal existence as he could imagine. And so it was not a happy day when, on August 1, he learned he was to be summoned as the next witness by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, then carrying on its investigations of Communist infiltration of the Federal Government. Chambers knew that in admitting the extent of his own involvement in the Communist underground he would probably lose his position at *Time*. He knew too he would suffer the opprobrium of much of the nation, for he would come before it both as a self-confessed Communist and as an informer. Why then did he do it? Why did Whittaker Chambers testify when he had so much to lose and so little to gain?

What Kind of Witness?

THERE'S AN easy answer and a complicated one, and both are germane. The easy one is that he had been subpoenaed. He had no choice. Days before he was summoned, Elizabeth Bentley, another ex-Communist, had made spectacular allegations before the committee, and investigators were looking to corroborate them. Chambers's name was in their files. He had been interviewed on several occasions by the FBI in the 1940s, though never at great length, and also by the Office of Naval Intelligence. And not long after getting the job on *Time*—and, as it happened, precisely two days after World War II began, propelled by the pact that made allies of Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union—Chambers had divulged a good deal about the Washington Communist ring to Assistant Secretary of State Adolf Berle. So for this reason

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*"Whittaker Chambers, Man of Letters," *The New Criterion*, April 1990.

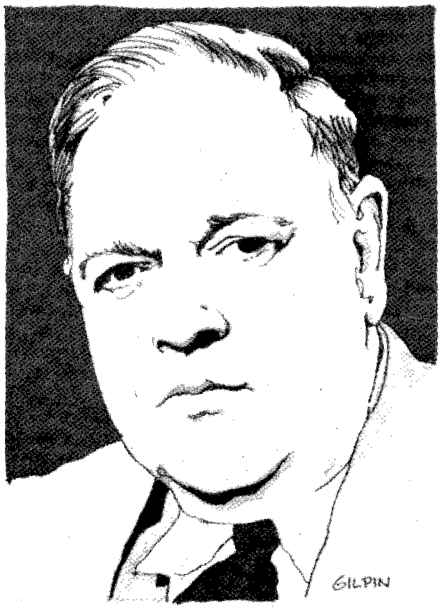
Chambers had to appear before the committee.

But he still had to decide what kind of witness he was to be. He could confess all he knew; or he could come clean on some but not all counts; or, finally, he could refuse to answer any of the committee's questions, pleading the Fifth Amendment. Had he chosen this last option he would be, in all likelihood, a hero today to the American Left. But to Chambers this was not a realistic course of action. He was on record as a self-confessed Communist who already had named names; at some point, he could be sure, he would be confronted with his previous testimony. This ruled out refusing to answer and also ruled out the excuse of ignorance or a faulty memory.

There remained only one option, coming before the committee as a "friendly witness"—that is, to name names. But this too sat uneasily with him. His prior confessions had been made in private, in the confidence of one or two interviewers. To appear before the notorious HUAC—to stare into the newsreel cameras and the blaze of klieg lights—was to be thrust into the role of professional ex-Communist, trading on his own past even as he pointed the accusing finger at others who had been his trusted friends and comrades. This was something he devoutly wished not to do. Chambers was, according to those who knew him best, a compassionate man. He did not relish causing harm to others. Writing about the Hiss case in 1950, the critic Leslie Fiedler observed that "All the accounts speak of the voice of the accuser as one that, symbolically enough, could scarcely be heard. There is, even in the printed testimony, a sense of a counter-desire not to be heard along with the resolve to speak out. Far from seeming the vindictive persecutor of some accounts, Chambers strikes us as oddly reluctant."

And Chambers's dilemma was more complex still. During his nearly ten years at *Time*, he had been waging a war against what he saw as the growing power of the Soviet Union—in political and military terms and also, more subtly, in moral and spiritual ones. He was not unique in his concern. Many other intellectuals of his generation had also been lured by the utopian promise embodied in the Soviet Union only to realize they had made a terrible mistake. The evidence was plain: the Soviet Union under Stalin was one of the twentieth century's two horrific totalitarian empires.

But Chambers's disillusionment went deeper than this. He suspected Stalin was no mere aberration in the history of Soviet Communism but, as Chambers was to write in *Witness*, "its supremely logical manifestation"; for the very components of the revolutionary vision so intoxicating to right-thinking, high-minded, and well-intentioned people—people like Chambers himself—constituted a frightening development in human history and, moreover, contained the seeds of the nightmare the Soviet experiment would become. The ideas, for instance, of a rigidly utilitarian worldview that banished all spirituality from public life; of an economy centrally planned and brutally enforced; of the embrace of violence as a legitimate political strategy—all these seemed to Chambers interconnected symptoms of a fatal turn modern man had taken, discernible in diluted form even in the meliorative programs of Roosevelt's New Deal.



The War He Was In

SUCH NOTIONS were not popular in the 1940s, certainly not at *Time* magazine, and when Chambers tried, with the backing of Luce, to guide the magazine down a path of stringent anti-Communism, he met with fierce resistance. One trying moment came in 1944, when Chambers was appointed editor of the magazine's foreign-news section. At issue was Mao Tse-tung, then gaining strength in China. Chambers was certain Mao was a dictator in the Stalinist mold, as events proved him to be; but in 1944 not all the evidence was in. In fact the cables sent to the home office by *Time*'s field correspondent, Theodore White, were lenient toward Mao—more lenient than Chambers could tolerate, and in the course of editing he reversed the substance of White's cables, a defiance of standard journalistic practice that provoked a near-mutiny.

There was another uproar in 1945. It happened in the aftermath of the Yalta summit. Chambers, back in the book department, one day dropped on the desk of T. S. Matthews, *Time*'s managing editor, something he had written, a piece unlike anything the magazine had ever published. It was a historical fable titled "The Ghosts on the Roof"; the ghosts were Czar Nicholas II and his family, murdered in 1918 by the Bolsheviks. In Chambers's fable the seven dead Romanovs had gathered, like shades in Homer, atop the roof of the Livadia Palace at Yalta, there to observe the proceedings of the "Big Three Conference" of Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin. The outcome delights the fictive Nicholas, who sees that the new European map has been drawn very much along the lines envisioned by a long line of ambitious czars. But Stalin has outdone them all. "What makes [him] great," Nicholas explains, "is that he understands how to adapt revolutionary tactics to the whirling spirals of history as it emerges onto new planes." This view is a familiar one today—identified with such moderate authorities as George Kennan, in his later writings. But in 1945, Chambers's piece was seen as the height of hysterical anti-Sovietism. The USSR had been, to quote *Time* itself, "our heroic ally." Yet Matthews decided to publish Chambers's fable, and as soon as word filtered through the editorial ranks he was, as he remembered,

> visited by an unofficial delegation from the staffs on both *Time* and *Life*, urging me strongly not to print the piece: it would drive a wedge between the Allies, it was biased and bitter, irresponsible journalism, et cetera. I was sufficiently shaken to postpone publication for a week. Then I sent it to press. . . . And a

> few years later, when *Time* reprinted it as an I-told-you-so, it seemed in retrospect a mild and orthodox comment, and no eyebrows went up.

But the immediate repercussions of "The Ghosts on the Roof" were large. John Hersey, *Time*'s correspondent in Moscow at the time Chambers's piece was published, was abruptly informed by the Kremlin that interviews he had arranged with high-level officials had been canceled. And many years later, a colleague of Chambers told me he still regarded "The Ghosts on the Roof" as the work of a "well-poisoner." Chambers's battle against Communism was, during his years at *Time*, a lonely crusade.

But outside the insular tower of the Time & Life Building others saw things much as he did—James Burnham, Friedrich Hayek, Czeslaw Milosz, Milovan Djilas, all gave a picture of Communism quite as bleak as Chambers's own. And in our time it has become eminently respectable to write about the Soviet state in terms Chambers helped formulate.

Conservative Radical

IF ALGER HISS is a paragon of the New Deal, Whittaker Chambers is a paragon of a conservatism that draws its insights, its intensity, and something of its perspective from first-hand experience of revolutionary politics. He is remarkable in his rejection of a pristine conservatism utterly indifferent to the seductions of the political Left. He remained all his life a kind of radical. "I am not a conservative," he wrote to Wm. F. Buckley Jr. "I am a man of the Right." By this he meant he persisted in seeing the world in terms as apocalyptic as the terms of Communism. In this sense it may well be true—as some have argued—that Chambers was a Bolshevik for life. He "never really liked leaving the winning side for ours," T. S. Matthews once confided to me. "You never changed, Whit," a friend told Chambers in the 1950s. "You just changed sides."

This was something Chambers himself understood. By his own admission he was an absolutist who saw the world in stark terms—not in simple terms, barren of nuance, but in terms that required unhedged responses. This is why he did not yield his respect for Communism as a worldview, nor his admiration for its towering thinker, Marx, and its brilliant political leaders, Lenin and Trotsky. They too were absolutists and saw with clarity that the modern world was irremediably different from the world that had gone before. Things had fallen apart. The old continuities had been severed. The political center would not hold.

For this reason it was not enough, in Chambers's view, simply to put his own Communism behind him. He must instead become, as he put it, a "counterrevolutionary," actively engaged in the fight against the enemy. The fight had to begin with the acceptance of moral accountability, with owning up to the misdeeds of his own past, with an atonement conceived not only in political but in religious terms, a plea for grace. It is a position normally shunned in America, a nation uneasy with backward glances. For Chambers's part, it gave him no pleasure to review his own grave errors, to tally his terrible mistakes and those of his confederates in the Communist movement, but he saw that he had to do it if his crusade were to mean anything. Much as he dreaded the prospect of coming before HUAC he also realized, perhaps, that the hearings would give him a unique forum; the hearing room was a place where words might gain the efficacious power of deeds—where a thing said amounted to a thing done. It was a place, too, where he could speak with the direct immediacy of a witness, tell of what he had done and seen, rather than filter his knowledge through the obscuring screen of news articles or historical fables.

'The story has spread that in testifying against Mr. Hiss I am working out some old grudge, or motives of revenge or hatred. I do not hate Mr. Hiss. We were close friends, but we are caught in a tragedy of history.'

That is why when the summons came from HUAC on August 2, 1948, Whittaker Chambers agreed to testify and tell the committee what he knew at whatever cost. He was still reluctant, however, and so he permitted himself one lie. He asserted that the Communist group he had belonged to had not been engaged in espionage. This lie gained him little. In fact it nearly landed him in jail. But he wanted to spare, insofar as he could, the men he named. "What Chambers really seem[s] to be after," wrote Fiedler, "is a confession of the truth from Hiss; he does not feel he can hide forever what Hiss has done, but he would prefer him to speak out himself." There was still time, he believed, for Hiss to acknowledge his misprisions. More than this, Chambers felt bound by a paradox that he once explained to his friend Bertram Wolfe. Because the theology of Communism had no room for mercy, Chambers said, the anti-Communist must himself be merciful, even if it weakened him against the assaults of his enemies.

And this is why at an especially grim moment of the hearings, when Chambers had been subtly smeared by supporters of Hiss as an alcoholic and madman, he replied not in rage, not even in indignation, but in sorrow. He said:

> The story has spread that in testifying against Mr. Hiss I am working out some old grudge, or motives of revenge or hatred. I do not hate Mr. Hiss. We were close friends, but we are caught in a tragedy of history. Mr. Hiss represents the concealed enemy against which we are all fighting, and I am fighting. I have testified against him with remorse and pity, but in a moment of history in which this nation now stands, so help me God, I could not do otherwise.

When a man speaks in this way, when he attains this grandeur of expression, this unwavering clarity of purpose, his opponents have no choice but to portray him as Tony Hiss has done—as somehow deranged, driven by dark furies, beyond the reach of others, alienated from himself. He must be a "psychopathic personality." No other explanation will do. The essence of Whittaker Chambers's witness is the utmost moral seriousness, and it can be undermined by nothing less than a calculated subversion of the truth. ☐

Fatal Attraction

JAY TOLSON

GORE Vidal might have said it best: the French do seem to have both feet firmly planted in the air. By the French, of course, Vidal meant French intellectuals, specifically the great celebrity *penseurs* of the postwar period, from existentialism's high priest, Jean-Paul Sartre, to the gnomic bricoleur Roland Barthes. They and their confederates have served not only as idols in their own country but as shapers of the assorted intellectual fads that have swept the modern world, often with unfortunate consequences. As well as fostering shabby, derivative scholarship and rampant fashion anxiety in the academy—how terrible to master structuralism only to find oneself deconstructed by one's more up-to-date peers—Francophone notions have been used to justify some of the worst political crimes of our century.

Yet it is unwise simply to dismiss or mock French intellectual life since 1945. Despite its excesses, the French critique of the modern world—of our varieties of bad faith, our idolatrous consumerism, and our Panglossian faith in progress and other Enlightenment values—has helped make it possible for men and women to live examined lives. The daring, contestatory spirit of French intellectual life has provided a valuable antidote to the timid empiricism and smugness of much Anglo-American thought. Then, too, a number of French intellectuals, from Simone Weil to Albert Camus, stand forth as exemplary moral figures, even as heroes.

The Passion of Michel Foucault, by James Miller (Simon & Schuster, 491 pp., $27.50)

James Miller, who has previously written books about the American New Left and French intellectual history, would add Michel Foucault to France's pantheon of heroic modern thinkers. It is a risky proposition, to which many may strongly object, but it makes his bracing "philosophical life" all the more engaging.

The problem with Foucault, simply put, was his profound perversity, a quality that characterized both his life and his work. In fact, it would be all too easy to explain away Foucault's work as the predictable consequence of a tortured psychological make-up: in this case, homosexuality and sadomasochism with a strong suicidal component. Miller, to his credit, never succumbs to the temptation. Without judging or sensationalizing, he sets forth the dark side of Foucault's life, from incidents of self-mutilation in his university days to his pursuit of the S&M leather-bar life in San Francisco. Miller is in many ways more direct about Foucault's private torments than was the French journalist Didier Eribon in his recently published biography, *Michel Foucault*. Miller suggests that Foucault's indifference to self-preservation was never more dramatically apparent than in his refusal to practice "safe" sex even after he learned about AIDS, the disease from which he died, at age 54, in 1984. (The less pardonable sin, if the rumors that Miller reports are true, was Foucault's refusal to curtail his promiscuity after he knew that he had the virus.)

Yet Miller's achievement is precisely his ability to present the often gruesome facts of Foucault's life without making them seem the absolutely determinative force behind his ideas. Some reviewers have mistakenly seen a reductive urge behind Miller's assertion that all of Foucault's work grew out of "a profoundly problematic preoccupation with death." But this claim is, if anything, a commonplace. What great philosopher, from Socrates to Wittgenstein, has not been thus preoccupied? Miller believes that Foucault's fondness for S&M and assorted "limit-experiences" found analogues in his writing, but he resists drawing a simple causal relation.

At least as important to Foucault's work as his psychological disposition, Miller shows, were more purely intellectual and historical experiences and engagements. The first was Foucault's response to the cultural climate of postwar France, an atmosphere dominated, though in a highly repressed way, by guilt over Vichy collaboration with the Nazi regime. Miller could even have made more of this largely unconfronted shame—unconfronted, that is, until more recent years, with the rise of the *nouveaux philosophes*. Foucault's determination to overthrow Sartre as the father figure of the postwar intellectuals must have been partly related to his sense that Sartre fared far too comfortably during Vichy days, indeed to the point of being published by Vichy-controlled publishing houses. Sartre was not alone in his almost gymnastical feats of intellectual denial, but his *Being and Nothingness* can be seen as the supreme effort to explain away radical evil—the very evil that lay behind Nazism—or at least to translate it into a complex species of psychological bad faith. (That the central ideas of Sartre's tome were derived from a highly compromised German thinker, Martin Heidegger, makes the work even more suspect.) Stranger yet was Sartre's determination to defend Soviet Communism and demonize Western liberal democracy. Foucault was right to rebel against such an equivocating paterfamilias, though one feels that Foucault's objection to Sartre—that he was the last of the great coercive humanists—doesn't get it right, either.

Foucault launched his rebellion against Sartre on rather convoluted grounds; but like Sartre, he took his terms from a German philosopher: Friedrich Nietzsche. Foucault adopted Nietzsche's heroic ethos and sought to obey his fierce injunction, "Love thy fate!" A good Nietzschean, perhaps the most important of our century, Foucault came to believe that life is justifiable only to the extent that one ac-

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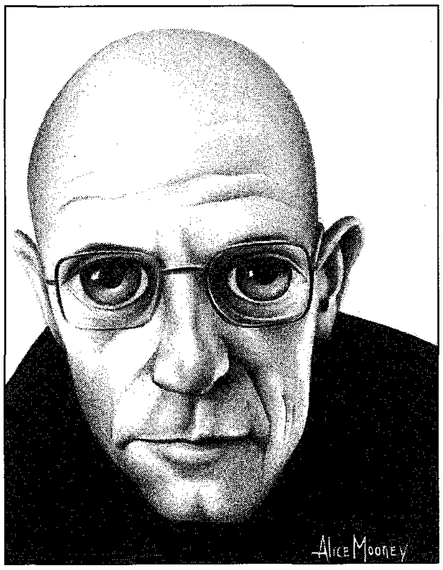
Mr. Tolson, editor of The Wilson Quarterly, *is the author of* Pilgrim in the Ruins: A Life of Walker Percy.

cepts, develops, and loves what one is. The enemy is that which makes one deny oneself, that which makes one view one's dark or demonic side as evil or unacceptable. Specifically, the enemy is that system of ethics—formerly Christian, but since the Enlightenment humanistic—which tries to shape us into "good," "healthy," and "productive" selves, all as much like each other as possible. This system, and the various humanistic theories and institutions which derive from it, constitute the order of disciplinary coercion against which Foucault waged a tireless battle from his first major book, *Madness and Civilization* (1961), up through his uncompleted *History of Sexuality*.

Foucault's individual villains were the well-intentioned reformers of modern Europe, those children of the Enlightenment who tried to make the madhouses and prisons and other social institutions more "humane." Foucault saw behind the benevolence of reformists such as Jeremy Bentham a desire to dominate and control. Foucault, being French, made his case against "humanism" in a needlessly complicated language, thick with neologisms, but his point was really quite simple. A quick and easy way to the heart of Foucault's œuvre is, in fact, Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*—no great surprise, really, because both men came fully into their own in the counterculture of the 1960s. If Kesey's defining moment was his acid-fueled journey on the Magic Bus, Foucault's was May of 1968, though he was actually out of the country during the most furious days of street combat. Despite his initial absence, it didn't take Foucault long to catch up with the Revolution. Assuming a teaching post at the radicals' alternative campus in Vincennes, he became one of the gurus of an inchoate movement that for the most part suspected all gurus.

Perhaps Foucault's gravest intellectual error, shared by many of his admirers, was to claim, sometimes with qualification, that he was a historian. He was not, at least not in any rigorous sense of the word. He played far too loose with the facts to satisfy even those who claim there can be no truly "objective" history. Foucault should not have to be blamed for his fleas, but he was at least partly responsible for the legion of second-rate historians who grind out rubbish about the repressiveness of this or that liberal "regime." Not that there is never a grain of truth to the charge; perhaps even more than a grain. The Enlightenment project has produced its share of monsters. But Foucault's point has often been pushed to absurdity, and has even had evil consequences. It is hard, for example, not to hear the Foucaultian logic behind the decision to "deinstitutionalize" the mentally ill, with the result that America's streets are now crowded with babbling lost souls who have forgotten to take their medicine. All in all, we could use a little more humane coercion.

How can such an ultimately irresponsible philosopher be considered heroic? I don't think he can, interesting and daring as he was. But I also recognize how easy it is to condemn the errors of Foucault's ways from the perspective of the present; how easy, also, to ignore the postwar uncertainty that he and his peers were forced to reckon with. This uncertainty was no doubt aggravated by Foucault's own personal confusion, but he nonetheless faced a true historical conundrum. Thinking people had to question whether there was something fatally wrong in Western culture that had allowed Hitler to come about. Many thinkers and artists gave up completely on the West, opting for nihilism or the absurd. But though he was attracted to the art of Artaud and Beckett, Foucault had the courage to seek something more affirmative. His embrace of Nietzscheanism in the early 1950s was that attempt.



Alice Mooney

Yet Foucault even seemed to get Nietzsche wrong. He tried to transform what was essentially a philosophy for the few (the great artist-heroes that Nietzsche believed he wrote for) into a philosophy for the many, even into something of a social agenda, or anti-agenda, which he built upon a faulty—indeed reckless—reading of modern history. The result was a disastrous social prescription. And even if Foucault had got Nietzsche right, the choice was problematic. Foucault recognized as much in the late 1970s when he read, and favorably reviewed, the work of André Glucksmann, a former radical of the French Left who, along with Bernard-Henri Lévy, began to challenge the Left's "sacred texts" in the name of a new appreciation of eighteenth-century liberal values. Miller summarizes Glucksmann:

> Hegel, Marx, and Nietzsche had offered dogmatic certainties and final solutions, raising "to the level of the speakable," as Glucksmann put it, "that will to power which inspires, more pettily, more covertly, the bosses and under-bosses of disciplinary societies." One logical result of such philosophical *hubris*, in his view, was Auschwitz; another was the Gulag. The right wing had no monopoly on evil.

That Foucault so belatedly recognized the potential for evil in Nietzsche's thought is, in Miller's words, "a telling turnabout." But Foucault's approval of Glucksmann and other "new philosophers" did not fundamentally alter the direction of his last work. Enlightened liberal ideals and social strategies remained the culprit. Foucault simply had too much invested in his muddled historical edifice to abandon it.

Julien Benda, writing much earlier in the twentieth century, saw a fatal attraction to German ideas among his fellow French intellectuals. This infatuation lay at the heart of what he called *la trahison des clercs*. It is astonishing, considering the wars that took place between the two nations since Benda's analysis, how long and how strongly this "treasonous" fascination has endured. Just as astonishing is the damage it has done to French intellectual culture, robbing it of moral gravity while leaving it only an occasional clever brilliance. For my money, France's intellectual heroes have been those few thinkers, Raymond Aron comes to mind, who managed to resist the German virus. Foucault was not one of them. □

Revenge of the Blob

CHESTER E. FINN JR.

ONE noteworthy feature of Bill Clinton's presidential candidacy was the widespread and outspoken support it received from educators at both the primary–secondary and the university levels. The two big teachers' unions spared no effort or expense to elect the Clinton–Gore ticket. Dozens of college and university presidents also set aside their accustomed reticence with respect to partisan politics and bought full-page newspaper ads. By election day, it seemed as if the entire education "blob"—to use William J. Bennett's evocative term—was in the Democratic camp.

Inside American Education, by Thomas Sowell (Free Press, 368 pp., $24.95)

Such activism has many roots: educators' age-old preference for liberal candidates; the rampant politicization of the American education enterprise as a whole; the contempt with which modern faculties view the notion that teachers should confine their political preferences to the voting booth rather than using their positions to influence the preferences of others; the self-interest—call it greed—of educational institutions and those who staff them when it comes to maximizing their prospects for governmental largesse.

But Clinton's arrival in the Oval Office brings the promise of at least one other benefit for the education establishment: the likelihood that the past decade's torrent of criticism of its ideas and institutions will now slow to a trickle and that the remainder—no longer enjoying the endorsement of the President and his key lieutenants—can be dismissed as the ravings of a reactionary fringe.

Few educators take well to criticism; self-righteousness is one of this fraternity's leading characteristics. Yet beginning with *A Nation at Risk* and continuing through the works of Allan Bloom, E. D. Hirsch, Dinesh D'Souza, Jacques Barzun, David Kearns, the National Governors' Association, Lynne Cheney, Diane Ravitch, Bill Bennett, Lamar Alexander, Denis Doyle, and dozens more, criticism of American education—lower and higher—has been the main event in discussions in this domain since Ronald Reagan moved into the White House. That criticism loosed the winds of change, and as their gusts grew more vigorous—with calls for choice, decentralization, privatization—the education establishment has been severely rattled.

The chances are excellent that relief from such disturbances will be forthcoming. What remains to be seen is how many of the new crowd at key agencies such as the Education Department and the Humanities Endowment will be establishmentarians, willing to smile indulgently at the status quo, and how many will turn out to be radicals of the Left who will strive to promote quotas, deconstructionism, Afrocentrism, PC, and a return to "inputs" rather than results as the chief measure of American education. Both prospects demand heightened watchfulness and vigor beyond the Beltway, for which we must again turn almost exclusively to people and institutions outside government. Against that backdrop, the timing of Thomas Sowell's splendid new book couldn't be better.

As readers of his newspaper columns and earlier volumes will expect, this is a clear, hard-hitting, amply documented work that manages to be strong without being shrill, sensible yet not narrow-minded, outraged but not outrageous. Subtitled *The Decline, the Deception, the Dogmas*, the book has the rare virtue of spanning the education system from primary grades to graduate school.

The merger is more than just efficient. It also helps us see connections, common roots, and parallels. These turn out to be numerous, including such institutional practices as faculty tenure and the absence of accountability for results; such intellectual failings as trendy, politicized subjects presented through one-sided, low-stress, no-fail courses; and such assaults on democratic principle as campus speech codes and admissions, employment, and financial-aid practices that pay more heed to race, gender, and other group traits than to individual merit.

Sowell is not, of course, the first to call attention to these failings of contemporary U.S. education, though his treatment of them is better-documented and more incisive than most. Less familiar to readers will be his attention to the quality of teaching at every level and to the malign effects of big-time college sports. Economist that he is, Sowell has written a mini-essay on the crazed economics of collegiate athletics that is a gem in its own right. But he saves his highest dudgeon for the conspiracy between universities and their varsity athletes to all but preclude the latter from getting a decent education, at least when major spectator enterprises like football and basketball are involved. "Given the demands of high-pressure sports," Sowell writes,

> and the sub-standard academic backgrounds of many college athletes, there is little prospect of serious academic work for many of those who compete in the top athletic conferences. Yet they must pass enough courses to remain eligible to play under NCAA rules. Therefore they "major in eligibility," as it is cynically phrased. That is, they find such courses and such instructors (including athletic coaches) as will enable them to get by without spending time that would cut into the athletic requirements of practice, learning plays, physical conditioning, and travel. . . . Moreover, coaches and boosters have even been known to come to the rescue of athletes when they get into trouble with the law. Then, when the student's eligibility eventually runs out, he usually finds himself out on the street with no skills, no degree, and perhaps no character.

In the light of political developments since this book was written, Sowell's most prescient chapter is titled "The Empire Strikes Back." It recaps the ways in which schools and universities—and their faculties, unions, and administrators—have sought to parry or discredit criticisms, and to fend off changes sought by the critics. One case in point is school choice, perhaps the most bitterly resisted reform of all.

Sowell's observation that "few things arouse such all-out opposition from the educational establishment and their media allies as proposals to allow parents a choice as to the schools their children attend" was never clearer than the week before the election. The Carnegie Foundation for

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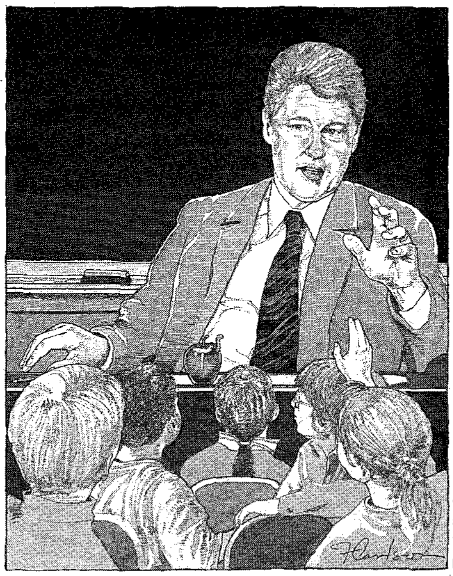
Mr. Finn is a founding partner of the Edison Project and professor of education and public policy at Vanderbilt University.



Fred Carlson

the Advancement of Teaching, now headed by Ernest Boyer, who served as U.S. commissioner of education under Carter, unveiled a "study" of school choice that is a contender for the title of least objective piece of so-called research in recent history.

Using cleverly phrased survey questions (and asking them only of parents of public-school students), selectively choosing evidence from the meager handful of "choice programs" now under way (virtually all of them newly begun, and all but one confined to public schools), and holding this reform idea to a far more exacting standard of scrutiny than the present system, the Carnegie publication just happened to show up on the front page of the *New York Times* eight days before the election, and an editorial based on it just happened to show up the next morning. Bill Clinton just happened to be the candidate least enthusiastic about school choice—though even he has come around to the idea of public-school choice, and for a time (before the teachers' union endorsements) he had flirted with the kind that includes private schools. And of course Clinton just happened to be the favored candidate of both the *Times* and the education blob.

Now that the blob's partisans are running the Executive branch, as well as riding high in the saddle on Capitol Hill, we can expect much mischief. That the Federal Government (with trivial exceptions) does not actually run any schools and colleges is modestly comforting. But its regulatory practices and funding priorities make a difference, and the climate of opinion that emanates from Washington is apt to reach into states, localities, and individual institutions.

The great political contest in American education is the tug-of-war between producers and consumers. The latter are far more numerous, but loose-knit and accustomed to deferring to "experts." The producers are impressively organized, certain that they are the experts to whom others should defer, veterans at making decisions that redound to their own benefit, and acutely self-interested in retaining—or retrieving—that prerogative.

A mighty contest is under way—talk about big-time sports! For now, at least, we must assume that President Clinton will play quarterback for the resurgent establishment team. It's not clear who will lead the consumers' team, but we're fortunate indeed to have Thomas Sowell playing on it. □

Check-Out Time

JAMES GARDNER

PRESIDENT Clinton's decision to ask the poet Maya Angelou to read at his inauguration is significant to those who care for the life of American culture. Here as elsewhere, he means to follow the example of John Kennedy, who asked the aged Robert Frost to read, and also of Jimmy Carter, who chose macho man James Dickey. Lyndon Johnson didn't have a pet poet, but then he probably never opened a book in his adult life. Obviously the Republicans didn't have one, first because no real poet would be caught dead at a GOP event, and then because, as we all know, Democrats are inherently more "cultural."

Hotel Lautréamont, by John Ashbery (Knopf, 240 pp., $23)

Maya Angelou was a brilliant choice, however. She is black and female, and thus more in touch with her emotions (which are also more abundant) than any white male could be. So what if her poetry makes Hallmark cards seem profound: the smarm and good vibrations on Capitol Hill will last clear through 1996, and we can expect that, now that it is officially okay to read poetry again, publishers will soon be announcing a run on Walt Whitman and Sylvia Plath.

A glance at John Ashbery's latest collection of poems, *Hotel Lautréamont*, will make it abundantly clear why he was not chosen. Though he is generally conceded to be one of the best living American poets, surely it is a bad idea to address the nation when what you have to say will be meaningless to all but a handful of people on the East and West Coasts. This is not to say that he has a limited number of admirers, since many have found it easier to praise this enigmatic poet than to read him.

Of those who profess an interest in contemporary poetry, Ashbery is clearly the man to steal from, the one you want to sound just like, the one whose thoughts and syllables commingle insensibly with your own. But understanding what he is trying to say is rather more difficult. For example, in "Hotel Lautréamont," from which this collection takes its title, you would be naïve to expect anything about a hotel or about the French poet Lautréamont or indeed about much of anything else. "The world, as we know it, sinks into dementia, proving narrative passé. / In any case the ruling was long overdue. / Not to worry, many hands are making light work again, / so we stay indoors. The quest was only another adventure." What has narrative to do with worldwide dementia? What ruling is he talking about, since it has not been mentioned previously in the poem? And why do we stay indoors because others are once again making light work, and what quest is Mr. Ashbery talking about? These and suchlike questions are what you are not supposed to ask.

If Coleridge was the poet of opiated slumber and Allen Ginsberg the poet of pot and LSD, Ashbery seems to be the poet of the sedative. There is no anger detectable in these poems, nor strong feelings of any sort. Life is an unending afternoon spent beside a pool in Malibu, the sort that David Hockney has elevated to the status of

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Mr. Gardner is writing a book about contemporary art to be published next fall by Birch Lane.

a cultural icon. A few echoes of the outer world filter through his dizzy consciousness, but most of his thoughts and feelings are quite general. There is a particularly postmodern laziness in all of this, a love of comfort and consumer appliances. Amid allusions to Peoria, elements of a broader European culture pass through the poet's mind—references to Dvořák, foreign capitals, French poets, and obscure operas. But all of these are merely window dressing for the mind in semi-somnolent repose. They are never intended to make a point. They are merely circumstantial. They are merely there.

The language is willfully anemic and blank, though occasionally, in one of Ashbery's favorite strategies for confusing the reader, he will say something entirely unanticipated: "I shall become a secret gourd / fit only for haruspication." This final word is taken from Eliot's *Four Quartets*, where it was used with slightly more meaning. In fact, Ashbery seems not quite to know what the word means, but it may be that he is being metaphorical. We can't be sure. Elsewhere in the same poem, "Central Air," he is disconcertingly casual in his diction. "Once that gets realized we can turn / into our parents." "Diamonds get turned into tears." "But that is all right that gets told about you."

The appreciation of a poem by John Ashbery requires an act of faith, a surrender of the ordinary faculties of judgment. What you are to admire is a certain deposit of psychic life in each of these poems, a shifting, disengaged record of the poet's spiritual state at the moment of setting the words down on paper. Whether he edits his work is unclear, nor is it clear whether the work could be made better by a thorough revision. You are to go with the flow, to enter into the very rhythms of the poet's mind. There is little sense of structure within these poems, of movement from a beginning through a middle to an inevitable and satisfying end. Indeed, it is often difficult to distinguish one poem from another, so consistently do they seem to melt into one another. Indeed, through 15 books of poetry, the career of John Ashbery coalesces into a single massive and amorphous poem, like that fungus discovered in Michigan a few years ago, which turns out to be a single massive and ancient organism.

There was a time when I had more patience for this sort of thing than I now have. It is no longer enough. And if Mr. Ashbery occupies the paramount position among his contemporaries, I suspect that that is only because he happens to be living in a moment that is massively unpropitious to the art of poetry. ☐

Life Goes On

RONALD BAILEY

THE WORLD has been awash in apocalyptic prophecies for the past quarter-century. Now comes the latest prediction of doom—a man-made "extinction spasm" in which the earth in the next few decades could lose forever as much as a quarter of its plant and animal species. That alarming forecast is made by the eminent Harvard biologist Edward O. Wilson, in this passionate and gracefully written book.

Wilson's contention stands on two pillars—the theory of "island biogeography" and current rapid rates of tropical deforestation. Wilson has established that the smaller an island, the fewer species it can support. He draws an analogy between separate mainland habitats and islands, and then asks what happens to species as their habitat "islands" shrink. As a rule of thumb, Wilson calculates that a 90 per cent loss in the area of an ecosystem means that the remainder can sustain only half the original number of species. Wilson is worried that, in the tropics, deforestation is creating ever more vulnerable ecosystem "islands."

The Diversity of Life, by Edward O. Wilson (Belknap, 424 pp., $29.95)

Biologists believe that equatorial forests are especially rich in species because they receive more solar energy and because they have been climatically stable for millions of years. This stability has given organisms time to evolve diverse ways to exploit ever more specialized niches. Tropical forests are thought to harbor more than half of the world's species.

Just how many species are there? So far scientists have catalogued 1.4 million, but Wilson believes that the earth is home to at least 10 million

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Mr. Bailey is the producer of the weekly PBS television series TechnoPolitics. *His book,* Eco-Scam: The False Prophets of Ecological Apocalypse, *will be published next month by St. Martin's.*

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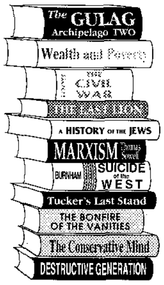

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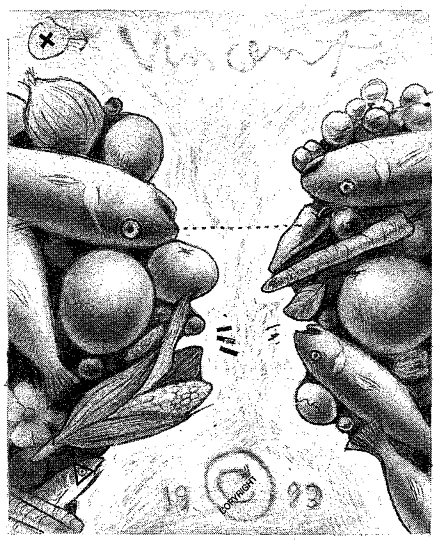
species and possibly as many as 100 million. He also makes the somewhat controversial claim that the earth is now at the apex of species diversity: that never in the 3.5-billion-year history of life have so many different species existed at one time.

Wilson acknowledges that extinction is a natural process. More than 99 per cent of all species that have ever existed are now extinct. Most species persist for about 10 million years before disappearing from the fossil record. However, paleontologists have uncovered five "great extinctions" in the history of life on earth. Life came extremely close to total destruction 245 million years ago when as many as 96 per cent of all marine animal species disappeared. Many scientists theorize the dinosaurs were done in 66 million years ago when a 10-kilometer-wide meteorite slammed into the earth. Does tropical deforestation mean that we are on the verge of a man-made "sixth extinction spasm"?

Since 1950 more than 50 per cent of the tropical forests' cover has disappeared. The trend seemed particularly bleak in Brazil's Amazon rainforest. A look at the causes of deforestation in Brazil is instructive.



Vincent La Cava

In Brazil, money earned through agriculture is largely exempt from income tax. This means that farming is an income-tax shelter, which encourages investors and corporations to clear land uneconomically. Also, squatters can get title to three times the amount of land they clear, which also strongly encourages deforestation. And in one particularly wrong-headed program, Brazil used lavish tax credits to promote uneconomic cattle ranching in the Amazon region.

Clearly, the highly visible hand of the government, not the invisible hand of the market, is responsible for fostering rapid deforestation in Amazonia. Fortunately, many of these disastrous policies are being changed, and the rate of deforestation has slowed by more than 30 per cent. But does rapid deforestation necessarily portend biological disaster?

Right now Brazilian farmers are cutting 14.6 square miles of the Amazon forest per day. This may sound horrific, but compare it to the rate at which land was cleared in the U.S. in the nineteenth century. Between 1850 and 1910, "the nation's farmers were clearing forest at an average rate of 13.5 square miles per day, every day, for sixty years," according to Douglas MacCleary, assistant director of the U.S. Forest Service.

As the U.S. became more prosperous and farmers' productivity skyrocketed, marginal crop and pasture land was abandoned and American forests began expanding. Since 1920 U.S. forests have increased from their historic low of 600 million acres to 728 million acres today. Needless to say, the extensive deforestation of the eastern United States did not lead to a mass extinction of species. Similarly, Puerto Rico was almost totally deforested by the beginning of this century. Neither did Puerto Rico undergo a mass extinction, and now much of the island is covered with dense tropical forests.

The recovery of the forests in the eastern U.S. and Puerto Rico indicates that "island biogeography" may be of limited utility in predicting mass extinctions. Cleared land surrounding forests turns out to be a less than perfect analogy to the much more hostile environment of water that isolates island species.

What about the politics of the "biodiversity crisis"? Discouragingly, this latest prediction of doom resembles several earlier ecological scares, such as the predictions of the depletion of non-renewable resources, worldwide famines, global cooling, and pesticide pollution crises—all of which were either greatly exaggerated or false. The biodiversity crisis most closely parallels the "depletion crisis" proclaimed twenty years ago in *The Limits to Growth.* In that notoriously muddle-headed study, the Club of Rome declared that the world would soon run out of oil, gold, lead, tin, copper, natu-

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ral gas, and food supplies. This resource crash would bring industrial civilization to an abrupt end. Similarly, Wilson now warns us that we are about to deplete the world of its biological resources.

We now know that the depletionists were wrong: minerals and food supplies worldwide have never been cheaper and more abundant than they are today, and we are nowhere near to depleting them. Roger Sedjo, the respected forest economist at Resources for the Future, has noted: "Declining biodiversity has become a theological issue—a matter of faith for some people. That's because nobody has the data to prove whether or not mass extinction is occurring."

Wilson has apparently succumbed to a favorite fallacy of eco-doomsters. In plotting trends he extrapolates without taking into account evidence that human societies typically modify their activities well before completely destroying a resource base. It is likely that—barring the continuation of spectacularly bad government policies—Brazilians will stop well short of cutting down the last palm tree and slaughtering the last Amazonian monkey. Which is not to say that all species can be saved—they cannot be. However, that does not portend disaster for humanity. Even Wilson recently admitted that most ecosystems could lose a large portion of their species and still function.

Wilson recognizes that if biodiversity is to be preserved, we must place an economic value on it. Species that are valuable to humanity—e.g., cows, goats, chickens—are not in danger of going extinct.

As part of his solution, Wilson lamely suggests creating "extractive reserves" in which denizens of the tropical forests would subsist by harvesting nuts, rubber, fiber, medicinal herbs, and other substances rather than by converting forest land for more conventional agricultural uses. Unfortunately, extractive reserves have proved to be unsustainable. Even the much-touted rubber reserves in Brazil survive only because they are subsidized. This is true for nearly all of the other "sustainable development" projects scattered through the developing world. Not economically viable, they must scrape by on government and foundation handouts. Reserves also risk turning indigenous peoples

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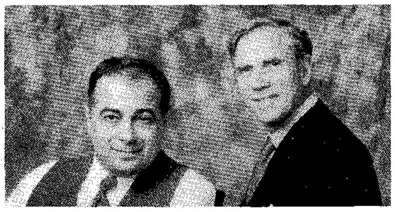
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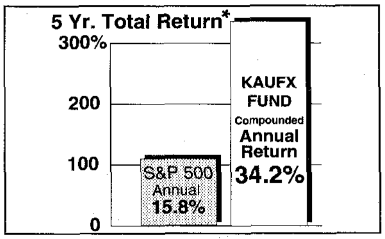

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into just another zoological attraction confined to national parks, at which tourists from the industrialized countries can gawk.

Another ill-considered scheme to protect biodiversity is the Convention on Biological Diversity. The Bush Administration refused to sign this document at the Earth Summit in June. The treaty could cripple our burgeoning biotechnology industry by requiring companies to license their technology to developing countries without compensation and to pay extortionary sums to Southern nations for access to their genetic resources. The Convention remains open for signing, and it is unlikely that the Clinton–Gore Administration will be able to resist subscribing to it.

In the end, like doomsayers throughout history, Wilson thinks that the only way to avert looming apocalypse is for humanity to undergo a spiritual transformation. Humanity must adopt a new "environmental ethic." However, utopian schemes depending on a spiritual transformation of humanity, to result in the creation of a "New Ecological Person," are certain to fail.

What then will happen if we refuse to try Wilson's environmental ethic? The natural world certainly contains vast amounts of genetic wealth just waiting to be harvested—e.g., new medicines, new crops, and new ways to render pollution harmless. The more we discover about the biological world and the more we remove it from the "global commons" by extending to it the protection afforded by a strong regime of property rights, the more valuable it will become to us. Ultimately, our rapidly expanding knowledge of the natural world promises to provide the most effective means of preserving nature. ☐

FILM

The Smell of the Arty

JOHN SIMON

In 1975, Dino Risi, who had directed the brilliant *Il sorpasso* (*The Easy Life*), made a pleasantly mediocre movie, *Profumo di donna* (*Scent of a Woman*), from a novel by Giovanni Arpino. It starred Vittorio Gassman as an ex-army captain who lost his sight and one hand in a freak accident, and who, too proud to let the world know he is blind, lives a sequestered life except for occasional jaunts around Italy, for which he hires some young soldier on leave to be his seeing-eye boy, whom he always calls Ciccio. His adventures with the current Ciccio are told with a mixture of comedy and sentimentality, ending in a specious romance.

Hollywood has bought the title, ***Scent of a Woman***, and the basic situation. But Bo Goldman's screenplay upgrades the captain into Lieutenant Colonel Frank Slade, and downgrades everything else into the crassest and crudest comedy-drama. Slade is even allowed to keep both hands: Al Pacino, who plays him, must not look crippled in any way, and besides . . . but let's not anticipate.

In Goldman's version, the point of view is that of the boy, Charlie Simms, a poor young man on scholarship at a posh New England private school, who sees some of his rich, spoiled classmates pull a naughty prank on Mr. Trask, the nasty headmaster, who is evidently also stupid enough to fall for it. Charlie (Chris O'Donnell) won't squeal on the perpetrators, and Trask gives him the upcoming Thanksgiving weekend to come across or lose his chances at Harvard the next fall. In the midst of this quandary, the poor (in both senses) boy takes on the job of looking after Colonel Slade while his niece, with whom he grudgingly lives, goes off on a weekend vacation with her family. Why the enormously self-sufficient Slade would need Charlie's reluctant services at all remains unclear.

Slade, a drunkard and a bully, immediately bellows at and brutalizes Charlie; he proclaims preppies "a bunch of runny-nosed snots in tweed jackets, all studying to be George Bush." He so intimidates Charlie that the boy almost turns down the job. And then the surprise: Slade has

---

Mr. Simon, NR*'s film critic, is also theater critic for* New York *magazine.*

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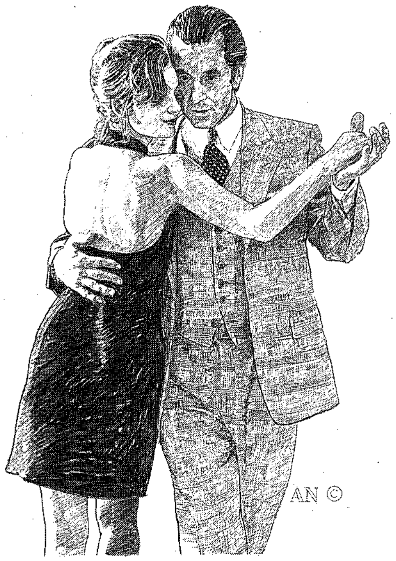
planned a weekend in New York City. They are to stay at the Waldorf, eat at the Plaza's Oak Room, get a woman for Frank, and (as Charlie learns later on), at the end, Frank will blow out his brains with his old service revolver.

In New York, things become more preposterous by the minute. Getting from the Waldorf to the Oak Room proves a bit of problem (couldn't they have stayed at the Plaza?) until a nice cabbie is finally found. At the Oak Room, Frank shouts in his usual drill-masterly way, but no one minds in the least. A visit to Frank's brother in suburbia ("Let's surprise him: give that fat heart of his an attack!") ends disastrously, but during cocktail hour at the Trump Tower, Frank gets to dance a mean tango with a young woman whose date is late. Though Gabrielle Anwar is charming, the scene is remarkably unpoignant. For one thing, although it was possible to believe of Vittorio Gassman that he could identify the scent (perfume) of a woman and base on it an accurate character analysis, the only thing we could believe from Al Pacino is a disquisition on body odor.

The first peak of absurdity is reached when Slade, having wangled a Ferrari from the dealer for a test drive, proceeds, in the wee hours, to race the sports car at top speed in downtown Manhattan. At this point, we are forced to draw three conclusions: first, this man is a swine, so to endanger the life of his passenger, Charlie; second, Charlie is an imbecile not to jump out of the car at whatever cost; and third, the director, Martin Brest, is a fool to allow Bo Goldman to write such nonsense.

Almost equally pitiful is the scene in which Charlie tries to talk Frank, by now his surrogate father, out of committing suicide. Pointing the gun at *him* now, Frank growls, "I don't know whether to shoot you or adopt you," which gives Charlie and the audience a pretty fair example of Hobson's choice. But the second peak of absurdity is not reached until Mr. Trask conducts a McCarthy-style hearing in his school's auditorium, complete with microphones and the presence of all students, teachers, and parents. Frank Slade, claiming to be a relative, acts as Charlie's counsel, and delivers an oration of epic length full of heroic platitudes.



Alan Nahigian

I am surely betraying no secret if I tell you that the devil (Mr. Trask) is shamed, Charlie exonerated, the bloom back on the rose, and Hollywood knee-deep in the usual self-righteous saccharin. It takes the wretched movie two and a half hours, and Pacino enough decibels to stun an ox, to arrive at its foregone conclusion. Even those reviewers who had doubts about the picture tended to extol Pacino's performance as great. For a chaingang boss or a carnival barker, it would be.

■ In Neil Jordan's ***The Crying Game***, Jody, a black British soldier, is held hostage in Northern Ireland by the IRA. He was enticed by a girl, Jude, from a fairground to a deserted spot and, just as he mounted her, nabbed by the IRA (one of whose regulars she is), crowned with a ghastly black hood, and spirited off to a distant hideaway. Unless the British release an IRA bigwig they are holding within three days, Jody dies. Fergus, the IRA volunteer who guards him most of the time, is a decent fellow who takes the stifling hood off Jody whenever he can. Step by step, the two men become friends. Interestingly, the two most intimate things they share are, first, the picture of Dil, Jody's attractive girlfriend, whom Fergus is to look up if Jody is shot; and, second, the fact that, the handcuffed Jody being unable to urinate otherwise, Fergus must take out his penis for him and, later, tuck it back in, midst embarrassment that turns into loudly shared laughter. (We are not shown the modus operandi for defecation.)

When he must be led into the sur-

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rounding woods to his doom, Jody runs ahead of Fergus shouting, "You would not shoot a brother in the back?" We don't learn how Fergus would have acted (cheap trick No. 1) because a British tank, a *machina ex machina*, conveniently runs Jody over. The IRA group is seemingly exterminated, but Fergus escapes to London, changes his looks and name (to Jimmy), and becomes a construction worker. He is haunted by the image of Jody, and finally looks up his sexy black girlfriend, Dil, at the shabby hair salon where Jody told him she works, and gets a haircut from her.

He now hangs out at the shady bar Dil frequents, and eventually befriends her, especially after he beats up an obnoxious former lover whom he catches beating *her* up. He is taken into her apartment, full of snapshots of Jody. It is under his, as it were, approving gaze that Jimmy and Dil become lovers. But Jimmy must surmount a big hurdle: to accept that Dil is not what she seems to be. At first he is, literally, nauseated and brutalizes Dil. Gradually, love prevails.

Cheap trick No. 2 is that it should have taken Jimmy so long to figure things out; No. 3 is that kind of moral blackmail the filmmakers have practiced on reviewers and audiences not to reveal the Big Surprise. At this point, Jude and Maguire, the leader of the IRA group, who also managed to escape, reappear, and, having (unexplainedly) tracked down Jimmy-Fergus, threaten to kill Dil unless Fergus performs a political assassination for them. As has been remarked by others, *The Crying Game* (titled after a song Dil performs at the said shady bar) does not truly cohere. The IRA thriller and the love triangle cry out for separate movies; though they can, as here, be mashed together, it shortchanges both.

But there is an even graver problem, the Big Surprise that we have all been harangued into not divulging. At what time may a critic address such an issue? Is it all right by now to discuss how the witches' prophecies in *Macbeth* come true? After all, there is one person born every minute who has not yet seen or read the play. Can one evaluate a work of art—and I am quite sure Jordan views his film as such—without going into what most of it hinges on? And is *that* kind of surprise honest art or merely sensationalism? In which case, might not part of the critic's task be warning his readers?

Let me say, then, that *The Crying Game* is homosexual propaganda and not art; not because of the kind of propaganda it is, but because it is propaganda at all, and so the opposite of art. This said, the film, aside from its loopholes, is well written and directed by Jordan, and has some terrific acting. The American Forest Whitaker manages a tolerable accent for Jody, and gives a decent performance, although he ought to shed some weight if he is to play romantic roles. As Jude, Miranda Richardson, a usually fine actress, overacts ferociously, but has moments. As a quizzical bartender, Jim Broadbent is smashing.

Capital work comes from the two leads, Stephen Rea, as Fergus-Jimmy, and Jaye Robinson, as Dil. Rea is the kind of actor who strikes you as homely, but grows on you tremendously as you realize the humanity in and behind his face. Similarly, his apparent underacting slowly but surely builds to revelations of great inner depth and complexity, and becomes their truest expression. *That* kind of surprise is the very essence of art. (You can see Rea now on Broadway in *Someone Who'll Watch Over Me*, and I cannot urge you strongly enough to do so.) Jaye Davidson is, appropriately, much more flamboyant, yet never hammy, and becomes very touching in the enactment of a near-impossible role with great persuasiveness. I am not sure that Davidson's looks and voice are exactly right, but they, too, manage to come extremely close. Although I do not buy the thesis of *The Crying Game*, it holds the interest and is, at times, genuinely moving.

■ Sometimes the vagaries of film release dates and one's own human limitations cause one to overlook some films until it is too late for a full-scale review. Mention must nevertheless be made of them, however belatedly. One of two such is ***Enchanted April***, Mike Newell's film based on a period novel by Elisabeth von Arnim. It concerns four variously unhappy Englishwomen circa 1920, who come into their own by renting a marvelous Italian seaside palazzo for a month. Everyone—especially Joan Plowright and Miranda Richardson—acts beautifully, and the screenplay by that fine playwright-scenarist Peter Barnes (*The Ruling Class*, etc.) is particularly distinguished. One's two minor regrets are that the film ends somewhat abruptly, and that the men in it are a bit too unprepossessing. Yet how much superior this film is to another period piece, the vastly overrated adaptation of *Howards End*.

■ ***Flirting*** is the second part of the Australian writer-director John Duigan's autobiographical trilogy; this one concerns coming of age in a boys' school with, just across the lake, a girls' school offering endless temptations. What starts out fairly conventionally soon becomes totally idiosyncratic and involving, and I defy anyone not to fall in love with the heroine, the young black British actress Thardie Newton. If only Noah Taylor, the leading man and Duigan's alter ego, were as prepossessing. But Nicole Kidman, much better than in her American movies, and several others lend expert support. These two charming small films are incomparably better and, yes, bigger than most biggies of the past year. Let's not forget that depth is also a dimension—indeed, the most important of all. ☐

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SOUND ON DISC

Opera Reconsidered & Mass Appeal

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

H. L. MENCKEN argued that "opera is to music what a bawdy house is to a cathedral"— as usual overstating his point. Debussy wryly summed up what he saw as a deficiency of the form when he found in it "too much singing." Yet Mozart could say fervently, "To me opera comes before everything else"—perhaps because he had been listening to his own. Of course he felt as he did, since in almost everything he wrote there is an operatic quality. How often, in listening to a Mozart symphony, have we expected the orchestra to pause for the entrance of tenor or soprano!

Nevertheless, it should not be a hanging offense to suggest that at least once the operatic Mozart may have nodded, perhaps because he was bowing more to his career than to that musical instinct which so felicitously dominated him. When he wrote *The Abduction from the Seraglio* (*Die Entfürung aus dem Serail*), non-musical factors guided him. The Emperor Joseph II was pushing to make Vienna a musical capital by promoting the *Singspiel*, which he saw as the Germanic answer to Italian opera. As Mozart's letters to his father show, the young composer saw himself ensconced as *Kapellmeister* of the Germanic musical scene—and a court favorite should he turn out a sing-and-talk that pleased the Emperor. But *The Abduction*, though tremendously popular, did not win over Emperor Joseph. It was not Germanic enough for him, and the spoken passages replacing the recitative remind us that German is not a language for speaking. The *Abduction*'s libretto offers little as entertainment or drama—the opposite of his *Don Giovanni*, which cuts deep as music, and as drama is both psychologically and ontologically insightful. But if we must have *The Abduction*, then we might as well rejoice in the advantage of the excellent performances by the Konzertvereinigung Staats Opernchor and the Vienna Symphony, conducted by Bruno Weil, and voices that are matched and balanced in a way not always found at the Met or La Scala these days (Sony S2K 4803).

■ A while ago, I commented on a recording of Gluck's *Orphée et Eurydice* in the French version as revised by Berlioz. Comes now an *Orfeo ed Euridice*, in its Italian version, based strictly on Gluck's original. Listening to either version, it is hard to imagine why it was considered a "revolutionary" work in its time—an adjective applied by Rousseau and others. I prefer this latest recording of what is an exciting and engaging opera—even though it *is* opera. It is put to the laser with clarity and measure by the Kammerchor Stuttgart and Canada's Tafelmusik, which performs on period instruments and is led by Jeanne Lamon and conductor Frieder Bernius (Sony/Vivarte SX2K 48040).

■ The Roman Catholic Mass is a discourse on life and death, and as we move through one to the other, the spirit evoked is called Faith. It is this spirit which marks the music of Anton Bruckner. This has led to a glib formulation that his Masses were "vocal symphonies" and his symphonies "Masses without text." Bruckner himself could say that when the time came he would present God with one of his scores, "and He will judge me mercifully." Certainly his superb E Minor Mass is the spirit of the liturgy *incarnatus*—a *breathed* work, since it is scored for voices and wind instruments, without the distraction of the strings. Here is the hard musical expression of Bruckner's faith, calling out to our mortal distress and our immortal longings. Yet the symphonic outreach is there too, in Bruckner's iteration of themes, as in the re-statement of the *Kyrie* in the *Agnus dei*. All of this is understood and conveyed in an inspired reading by Frieder Bernius leading the Kammerchor Stuttgart and the Deutsche Blaserphilharmonis (Sony S2K 48037).

■ Unless memory betrays me, I first

(Continues on page 61)

Mr. Toledano, a longtime NR *contributor, is a syndicated columnist and the author of 19 books.*

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 A	2 E	3 J	4 T	5 G	6 L	7 H	8 C	■	9 B	10 J	11 P	12 A	■	13 I	14 W	15 O	16 S	■	17 F	■	18 C
19 L	20 G	21 H	22 N	23 R	24 D	■	25 H	26 X	27 M	28 B	29 A	30 I	■	31 Z	■	32 P	33 K	34 U	35 D	■	36 H
37 N	38 A	39 K	40 T	41 F	■	42 S	43 G	44 L	45 E	46 J	■	47 M	48 R	49 A	50 P	51 G	■	52 B	53 C	54 F	55 L
56 Y	57 D	58 U	■	59 J	60 A	61 S	62 O	63 Q	64 K	65 F	66 B	67 N	■	68 T	69 W	70 C	■	71 E	72 V	73 Y	74 M
■	75 F	76 B	77 J	78 X	79 H	80 W	81 K	82 C	83 A	84 O	85 G	■	86 N	87 L	88 B	89 T	90 M	■	91 Z	92 Q	93 V
94 J	95 O	96 S	97 D	98 G	99 I	■	100J	101A	102P	103K	■	104F	105U	106L	107B	108G	109J	110R	111H	112Z	■
113A	114I	115Y	116G	117O	■	118F	119K	120T	121H	122E	123X	124P	125V	■	126J	127O	128Q	129X	130E	131W	132S
133M	134C	135I	■	136U	137L	138T	139Q	140A	■	141B	142N	143E	144P	■	145R	146U	■	147V	148O	149L	■
150J	151C	152L	153D	154R	155W	156G	157K	■	158S	159E	160I	161T	162Y	163D	■	164W	165D	■	166H	167Y	168N
169F	170M	171J	172V	173I	■	174B	175G	176H	177Q	178M	179O	180P	181X	■	182C	183U	184H	185P	186F	187T	188R
■	189L	190D	191C	192Z	193E	194B	195K	196X	197A	198I	199N	200F	■	201I	202A	203Q	204N	205H	206S	207Z	■

DEFINITIONS

A.	Criteria	101 202 1 49 83 60 113 29 140 12 197 38
B.	On one's head	88 174 107 76 194 52 141 28 9 66
C.	Communication medium	82 151 53 191 18 182 134 8 70
D.	The warmth of Satan	163 57 153 35 165 97 190 24
E.	Fascination	71 143 130 122 193 159 2 45
F.	Winesap quaff (2 words)	17 169 104 200 54 118 186 75 65 41
G.	Thought	175 85 43 156 51 116 5 108 20 98
H.	Safe numbers?	166 176 21 25 79 121 36 184 205 7 111
I.	Subordinate	160 173 13 30 201 114 198 135 99
J.	Wasteful	77 59 3 94 109 150 10 46 171 100 126
K.	Greeted warmly	39 195 119 81 33 103 157 64
L.	Sikorsky's concern	137 149 152 6 55 87 189 44 106 19
M.	Tartness	170 27 133 90 178 74 47
N.	Good-luck charm	67 142 204 22 86 168 199 37
O.	Farmers' rewards	148 95 127 84 15 179 117 62
P.	Female hormone	180 144 185 50 102 32 11 124
Q.	Noxious effluvium	177 63 203 139 92 128
R.	Self-important one	110 188 48 145 23 154
S.	Avers	42 206 132 61 158 96 16
T.	Current times	187 120 89 138 68 161 40 4
U.	Groups of three	136 105 183 34 58 146
V.	Forum wear	147 72 172 93 125
W.	Man from Akron	164 69 131 14 155 80
X.	Verse form	181 123 196 129 26 78
Y.	Ledger item	167 162 73 115 56
Z.	Beer mainstay	207 91 31 192 112

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

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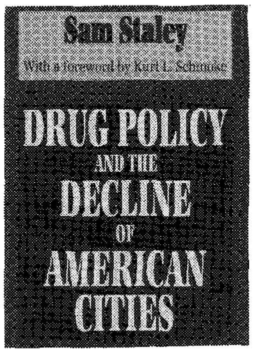
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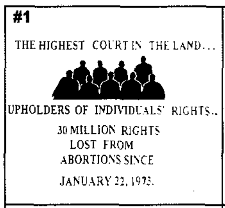
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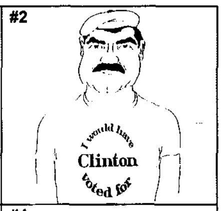

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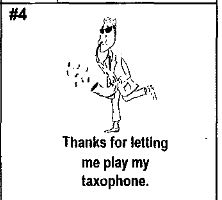

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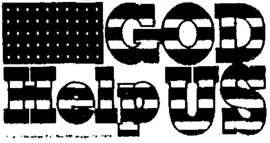

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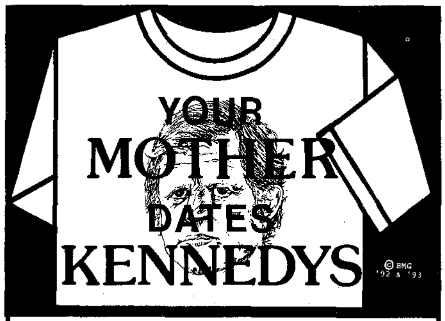

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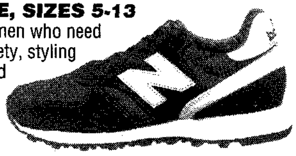

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TOLEDANO

(Continued from page 57)

heard Bach's *Die Kunst der Fuge* at a New Friends of Music concert back in the early 1940s, in an orchestral version conducted by Fritz Stiedry. Bach had written this monumental work in open score—that is, with no indication of what instrument (or instruments) was to play any of the four parts, since he did not expect this exhaustive exploration of the fugue, then slipping away with the Rococo, ever to be played. But what was written for the intellectual contemplation—and education—of future composers and musicians is far more than an academic endeavor, and its influence has reached into the work of those setting notes to paper beginning with Mozart and extending into the modern era. It now comes to us in a splendid and perceptive performance by the great Juilliard String Quartet. Its 14 fugues and 4 canons, plus an unfinished 15th fugue, were to have been joined by a final fugue, but the notebook was closed with Bach's death.

The problem of a string-quartet version used to be that the alto and tenor lines sometimes go below the range of the violin and viola. In the past, those instruments were forced to play the affected passages one octave higher, defeating Bach's purposes. But as Samuel Rhodes, the Juilliard's violist, explains, the group found another solution which offers "a faithful reproduction of every note that Bach wrote" by having the violin switch to viola when necessary and by the introduction of a specially designed viola which extends its range downward by a fourth. This gives the Juilliard an opportunity to give us a faithful rendition of a work which, its intellectual excitements apart, carries those other aspects of great music—meaning and emotion (Sony S2K 45937).

■ In this dismal inaugural season, I commend to you enthusiastically James Whitmore's performance readings of some of the late Will Rogers's monologues, which were as successful on Broadway in his time as they have been in ours. Will Rogers was not only a great humorist but an incisive commentator on our foibles and our mores. What he has to say about Congress is as much on the mark today as it was when first uttered, and if played on our radio stations daily between now and 1994 would probably lead to the defeat of every incumbent, in both House and Senate, up for re-election (Sony Broadway, S2K 30546). □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Tales Out of School, by Joseph A. Fernandez and John Underwood (Little, Brown, 278 pp., $24.95)

THE career ascent of New York City schools Chancellor Joseph Fernandez came to an abrupt halt in December when bits of this autobiography were leaked to the press as part of a campaign to land Fernandez a job with the Clinton Administration. The result was disastrous (the portions leaked included accounts of youthful heroin abuse, as well as grossly uncivil references to his own school board). Fernandez uses this self-serving book to settle various scores and muddy his record. For instance, he has in the past taken pride in having introduced "school-based management" to Dade County schools. But now that follow-up studies have revealed the program as a failure, he slaps the blame on others. More famously, once arrived in New York, Fernandez quickly got bogged down in political sideshows, like the recent dispute over the proper age to begin teaching about anal intercourse. The account of his adventures can't even be called reasonably well written. I counted three incomplete sentences on page two alone. If the explanation is that co-author John Underwood was emulating Fernandez's "voice," parents of schoolchildren should not feel reassured. One of Fernandez's best-known superintendents, Colman Genn, has his name misspelled throughout, and there are assorted other inaccuracies. In the end Fernandez was dropped from consideration for Secretary of Education. That's just as well, since he would have made a pathetic appointee even by Clinton standards. —JAMES MACGUIRE

Rockets and Rodeos and Other American Spectacles: Essays by Thomas Mallon (Ticknor & Fields, 290 pp., $19.95)

WHEN Thomas Mallon's profile of Dan Quayle first appeared in *The American Spectator*, at least two readers thought it unfairly derisive. One was Alfred B. Wright, whom Mallon quotes in a postscript. Though I can't speak for Wright, I now see I was wrong. The piece *is* rough on the former Vice President's public persona, but only because Mallon sees that in private "Dan Quayle is no Dan Quayle." Mallon could not understand—indeed, who could?—"the Vice President's apparent unwillingness to defy the enjoined docility of his office . . . to disprove his image, dramatically." In the year that followed Mallon's "travels with [the] Veep," Quayle did try, with success, to disprove his image; and while it's still clear that he is not a man of presidential gravity, it's also clear he is not the floating feather of Garry Trudeau's imagination. Mallon's greatest virtue in these essays lies in this ability to portray both the public face of each American spectacle he observes, and the private face that lies behind it. Dealing with rockets, crime and punishment, politics, the old world order, amusements, and film stars, these essays may not be profound; but they are just, humane, and a delight to read. —MICHAEL LEE KELLY

ON THE RIGHT / *Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

United Nationsitis

NEW YORK, JANUARY 18

The events of the winter of 1990–91—when the Bush Administration engaged in declaring the United Nations infallible when it spoke ex cathedra through its Security Council—are bearing prickly fruit. Consider:

1. We had a primary aim in the Gulf War, which was to liberate Kuwait. We asked the United Nations to bless our enterprise, and it did so. The enterprise went forward. In fact, the resolution by the UN would have authorized us to pursue Saddam Hussein right into Baghdad. But we elected not to do so.

2. Six weeks after our victory in the Gulf War the persecution of the Kurds in the north and the Shiites in the south became more than international public opinion would tolerate, and so we edged forward under an anti-genocide article of the UN and insisted on the right to bring relief to starving Kurds and Shiites.

3. But some of our efforts to deliver compassionate aid were hindered by the Iraqis, so the United States sought the sanction of the Security Council to authorize armed protection of relief cargo. But the Chinese didn't like the smell of all this—armed intervention in a country in order to effect humanitarian purposes? That, the Chinese figured, was a sticky one. Imagine what could be done, under such a mandate, to China itself!

4. So, as is diplomatic practice, we began to play with words. We were now looking at two other fronts. Bosnia-Herzegovina is a clear example of aggression with genocidal overtones. Accordingly, we could get a UN resolution to cease and desist and then, under Article 7 of the Charter, use force to implement the UN mandate. But how to handle Somalia? Anarchy there was killing two thousand people per day, but they were all Somalis. How do other countries get into the act? Our semanticists handled that one by persuading the UN to declare that "the magnitude of the human tragedy" in Somalia was a threat to international peace. It does not take long to come up with a half-dozen situations in the past that would have justified unilateral intervention under such reasoning. Indeed, the anti-Muslim oppression in India today could certainly ignite international Islamic resentments to the point of disturbing the peace.

5. And now we have the matter of the four hundred deportations to southern Lebanon. The government of Israel, resolving that the Hamas fundamentalists in the West Bank were responsible for increased terrorism against Israeli soldiers, scooped up four hundred of them and launched them toward Lebanon. But the Lebanese government refused to give them passage, so they are frozen in an icy stretch of no-man's-land. The United Nations has condemned Israel's act on the grounds that it amounts to collective punishment of the kind practiced by the Nazis and outlawed by the United Nations in 1971. The Israeli government is taking the position that unless terrorism is checked, it will grow and threaten the very existence of Israel.

6. Over the weekend, the Bush Administration decided that another shot across Saddam's bow was in order, and so we sent in forty Tomahawk missiles, getting some satisfaction out of using arms against Saddam.

But we are pretty well embroiled in a diplomatic quagmire. Egypt and Syria want to know why we are willing to send troops to execute a UN mandate at the expense of Iraq, but are not willing to do the same thing to execute a mandate directed at Israel. The best way to handle that question is to temporize and tell the people who are asking it to just wait a few hours, and President Clinton will explain the who-o-o-l-l-e thing.

What has happened is that the moral authority we have been handing over to the United Nations is now reaching back and biting us. We are allies of Israel, though we are not committed to endorsing its deportation of the Palestinians. But we hardly wish the UN, which is given to such findings as that Zionism and racism are the same thing, to make up our minds on the question. And if we decide that the right strategic moment has come to knock out Saddam, we want to be able to do so without a specific mandate by the UN. But our mangled diplomacy will probably result in the end of world support for the sanctions against Saddam, who will once again prove that he has nine lives. ☐

A LITTLE DESPONDENCY IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL

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Who Are the Young Clinton Idealists?

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4

Jann Wenner, who is the founder of *Rolling Stone*, is telling his large constituency that what will happen to the United States when Mr. Clinton is sworn in is that we will be passing into a new, young, idealistic era of involvement in public affairs. This theme was tried out on George Will under the auspices of David Brinkley, and Mr. Wenner clearly wished, before he was through, that he and his thesis had stayed home.

1. It is true that more people in the young (18–29) group voted for Clinton (44 per cent) than for Bush (34 per cent). But Clinton won an even greater plurality in the oldest (over 60) set of voters (50 to 38 per cent). We are tacitly encouraged to conclude that old people voted for Clinton because he would more zealously safeguard their Social Security checks. Okay. But why should we not equally assume self-interested motives in the case of young people?

2. How exactly do you define "idealistic" in the current political idiom? Would it be idealistic to send troops into Bosnia to straighten out that mess? We should not doubt that such an argument could be made. But the younger generation, if we heard it right from Mr. Wenner et al., is informed in these matters by the Vietnam experience, and idealism was then defined as staying the hell out of the way, as Bill Clinton did. The result of staying out of the way was, to use a metaphor, the Boat People. One can understand many reasons for not wanting to fight in Vietnam, but none of these is idealistic. So what is it that defines the idealism of the young Clintonites?

3. Don't you understand, you will be getting away from the decade of greed! . . . But the Clinton program is based on giving more things to more people, through the agency of government. Mr. Clinton is pledged to renew the infrastructure, to create more jobs, to give health care to everybody, to increase subsidies for education, to reduce the national debt, and to reduce taxation on the middle class. It isn't obvious why the desire for more jobs under Reagan (which Reagan gave us—19 million) is greedy, but the desire for more jobs under Clinton is other than greedy.

4. Mr. Wenner tried to say that the younger generation was brought up to be more idealistic. Brought up by whom? Mr. Will wanted to know. Presumably if the younger generation's affinity for idealistic enterprise is refined, it is because these sensibilities were sharpened—by the older generation; yes, the generation that fought a very big war—in which George Bush participated—and then raised seventy million baby-boomers, giving them, among other things, *Rolling Stone* to read. Oh yes, George Will wanted to know what would happen to *Rolling Stone* if we all gave up greed, leaving the people who advertise their lush products without any reason to patronize *Rolling Stone*.

It is of course always difficult to calibrate the idealistic impulse. I think it is historically correct to say that those who in the Fifties and Sixties went to the South and fought for civil rights for black Americans were indeed idealistic. They were prepared to make personal sacrifices. On the other hand, the hedonism of the Woodstock generation is absolutely unrelated to any decipherable form of idealism. If marijuana is something you take whenever you feel like it, as also booze and sex, idealism has got to be transmogrified into self-indulgence in order to parse that act of philanthropy.

Here is the safest rule in town: The greater the size of the government, the less personal the involvement of the average citizen. This was discovered painfully by the British, who prattled on about economic democracy as they nationalized their basic industries—steel and the trains and the coal mines—after the war. They soon found out that if every Briton owned those industries, it really meant that nobody owned them. The greater the government entity, the less the leverage on it by the individual citizen. Your leverage over your local garage is considerable. Your leverage over Amtrak is unbankable.

Mr. Clinton is having a fine ride, and he is for a while Mr. Feelgood. That's fine. Go ahead and inhale it all, but don't think your highs are intoxicating those of us who are on the political wagon. ☐

Mayor Dinkins's Discovery

NEW YORK, JANUARY 11

The most interesting aspect of the Dinkins effrontery is what it tells us about Catholic power. It seems to have disappeared entirely. There is no other conclusion given the postulates:

1. David Dinkins desires most fiercely to be re-elected as mayor of New York. He is (in my experience) a gentle man with good manners and a natural affability. Eighteen months ago he appeared to be doing everything wrong. The city was (is) broke, and he authorized raises in teachers' salaries that brought on exorbitant demands by other unions during the bleakest economic season. Crime continued rampant, and there were the two episodes that got national attention, the mayor's failure to defend Korean enterprises against black harassment, and the sluggish handling of a killing in Crown Heights, designated by one commentator as the first murder of a human being exclusively because he was Jewish since the close of Nazism. But notwithstanding a spotty performance, his stock had begun to rise, and he has seemed strong enough to have a good crack at re-election.

2. He has taken ostentatious measures to persuade the Jewish community that the Crown Heights incident was an anomaly, that he stands squarely behind his statements about racial comity, etc. etc., and although he will have lost some Jewish support permanently, he is on the mend. But now he has taken a measure which is constitutionally provocative beyond description, never mind how provocative politically it turns out to be. The Ancient Order of Hibernians is a Catholic Irish organization that began to sponsor a St. Patrick's Day parade more than a century ago. A small rival organization, the St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee, applied to City Hall for the license to sponsor this year's parade, and gave as one of its qualifications its willingness to give a slot to the Irish Gay and Lesbian Organization. The new petitioner got the permit.

3. This decision, as noted, is constitutionally provocative. No one, not even the American Civil Liberties Union, takes the position that every splinter group within a political, social, let alone religious organization has a constitutional right to participate in a public event sponsored by the official organization. The governor of Arkansas denied the governor of Pennsylvania a few minutes at the Democratic Convention in which to give his reasons for opposing abortion. Many thought this a wrong decision, politically and philosophically, but no one questioned that Bill Clinton's word in the matter was final: he was in charge. The Catholic Church has a position on homosexuality, namely that it is a deviant practice and that those who engage in it are, as human beings, beloved of God and of the Church, but ought not to be encouraged in anarchical exhibitions that flout the right of the Church to specify Christian dogma.

4. The cardinal has asked the mayor in effect whether he has gone berserk, acting as if it were the function of the state to decide who may and who may not participate in a parade sponsored by a church-related enterprise. It is not at all surprising that the cardinal has said what he has said, but it is truly astonishing, especially in an election year, that the mayor has acted as he has acted.

The implications of the situation are very plain. They are that Catholic political unity, even on issues that directly affect the Catholic community, for all intents and purposes no longer exists. It is probable that the cardinal will prevail in the courts—either he will prevail, or else we may as well repeal the Bill of Rights. And Mayor Dinkins will be remembered on Election Day as the politician who sought to usurp episcopal authority. But the big question is: Remembered by whom? The Catholic vote in New York is over 35 per cent of the total vote, larger even than the Jewish vote (20 per cent) and the black vote (23 per cent). To antagonize a bloc that large would have been politically suicidal in years gone by. But the mayor's calculations have got to be that the political strength of the gay lobby is greater than that of the Catholic—lobby? But where is the Catholic lobby? Is there anything you can't do to Catholics these days? They would appear to be an all but inert body of people who don't care that much about discrimination against their schools, don't care that much about abortion, will tolerate massive humiliations from Hollywood, a steady diet of sex and violence on television. Mayor Dinkins appears to have discovered that the Pope has no clothes, let alone any military divisions, the absence of which was first remarked by Josef Stalin. ☐

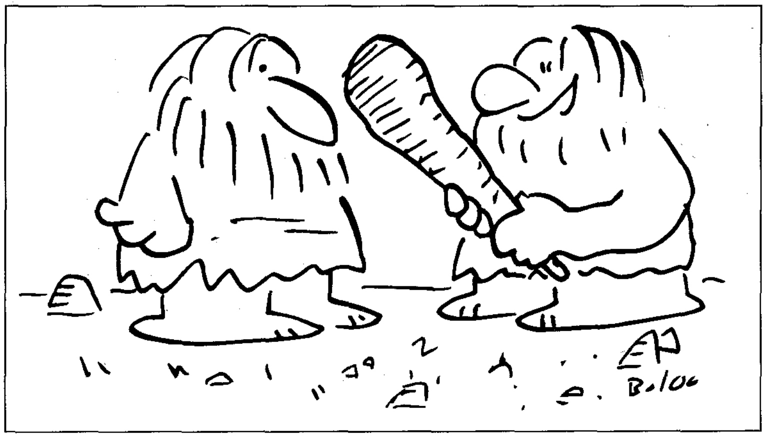
(Universal Press Syndicate)

THE GIMLET EYE

The New New Democrats

FOR AN inauguration present, a friend gave me a paperback he had picked up at a used bookstore: *The Miracle of Jimmy Carter*, written by Howard Norton and Bob Slosser during the campaign of 1976.

As Bill Clinton's inaugural week—or was it a month?—wore on, I found myself returning to *The Miracle* again and again. Of course I'm not the first fellow to note the similarities between Jimmy Carter and our new President. For all the JFK mannerisms—the jabbing finger, the soaring cadences, the roving eye—the ties that bind Bill Clinton to the man from Plains are far more portentous. None of us who slogged through the late Seventies can forget the steely wife and the pre-hippie daughter; the quotes from Bob Dylan; the tales of the bumpkin background (no indoor toilets!) packed with characters of extraordinary moral ardor.



“It’s called a ‘club’—it’s very *empowering!”*

Each memory of Jimmy finds an echo these days. Slosser and Norton remind us how deep the Clinton–Carter consanguinity runs. Their book's purpose was to herald, in 1976, a New Kind of Democrat, "neither liberal nor conservative," at pains to distance himself from the doctrinaire leftists who had brought ruin to his party.

Have we forgotten that Jimmy too waged war on the dole, promising "to create a completly new welfare system"? Just so: and in Putting People First, the Clinton manifesto, our new President promises "to end welfare as we know it."

Jimmy renounced the radicals' chimera of socialized medicine but advocated a "national health care program, to be paid for partly by contributions from employees and employers and partly from the general treasury." ("Companies will be required to insure their employees, with federal assistance in the early years to help them."—PPF)

There were big ideas: "Carter's aim is to preside over the complete reorganization of the government." ("It is time to radically change the way government operates."—PPF)

And smaller ideas: "Carter will also take away the tax breaks that [allow] American companies to locate plants outside the United States, leaving Americans without jobs." ("[We must] eliminate tax breaks for American companies that shut down their American plants and ship our jobs overseas."—PPF)

And so on. Space does not permit a comprehensive catalogue, but the conclusion is inescapable: If Bill Clinton is a New Kind of Democrat, he is a New Kind of Democrat circa 1976.

Beyond the eerily similar campaign pledges lurk the families. For four years, Jimmy Carter's pleasure in presidential authority—running the White House tennis court, gaily insulting his fellow heads of state—was dampened by a constant worry over what some member of his family might do next. Would Miz Lillian tell Hugh Sidey stories about the President's childhood bowel movements? Would Billy crush beer cans against his forehead outside the Plaza Hotel?

In the end, of course, most of the Carter clan came to grief, and the Clintons risk the same fate. To look at the mother, Mrs. Kelly, is to sense how cruel it was to rip her from the idyll of an Ozark trailer park and thrust her under public scrutiny. Her passion for the dice and the ponies meanwhile, remains white hot. My guess is that in time an unhappy fate will befall her there—hauled from the Trifecta window at Pimlico, swinging her arms, kicking her heels, as a videocam captures her shouting abuse at some unscrupulous tout.

THE TAROT might hold a better future for the half-brother, Roger, though I can't precisely say why. From the lantern jaw and tight 501s to the gold chains twinkling through his chest hair, he seems every inch of him a goner. He has already signed to record an album in April—the audio equivalent of Billy Beer—and, given the long lead times required in the music industry, the record probably won't be released until . . . well, never. Roger will feel compelled to strike off in new artistic directions, appearing, perhaps, in a mini-series with Lesley Ann Warren; critics will sneer, and he will be despondent, tumbling from one 12-step program to the next. In the end, he will find redemption by co-founding a Men's Movement retreat with Donald Nixon. Federal funding will soon follow, and together they will travel to Oprah and Donahue and all points in between, raising awareness.

You need only recall poor Amy Carter during the Reagan era, holed up in a crash pad with Abbie Hoffman and a hookah as her only companions, to sense how slender is the thread from which the presidential family dangles, and how deep the chasm that awaits them should it break. In the event, of course, Roger and Mrs. Kelly and the rest may be the least of our worries. "If Jimmy Carter makes it to the White House," wrote Slosser and Norton in their prophetic book, "the country is in for some surprises." And so we were. Surprise us twice, shame on us.

—ANDREW FERGUSON

Mr. Ferguson is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

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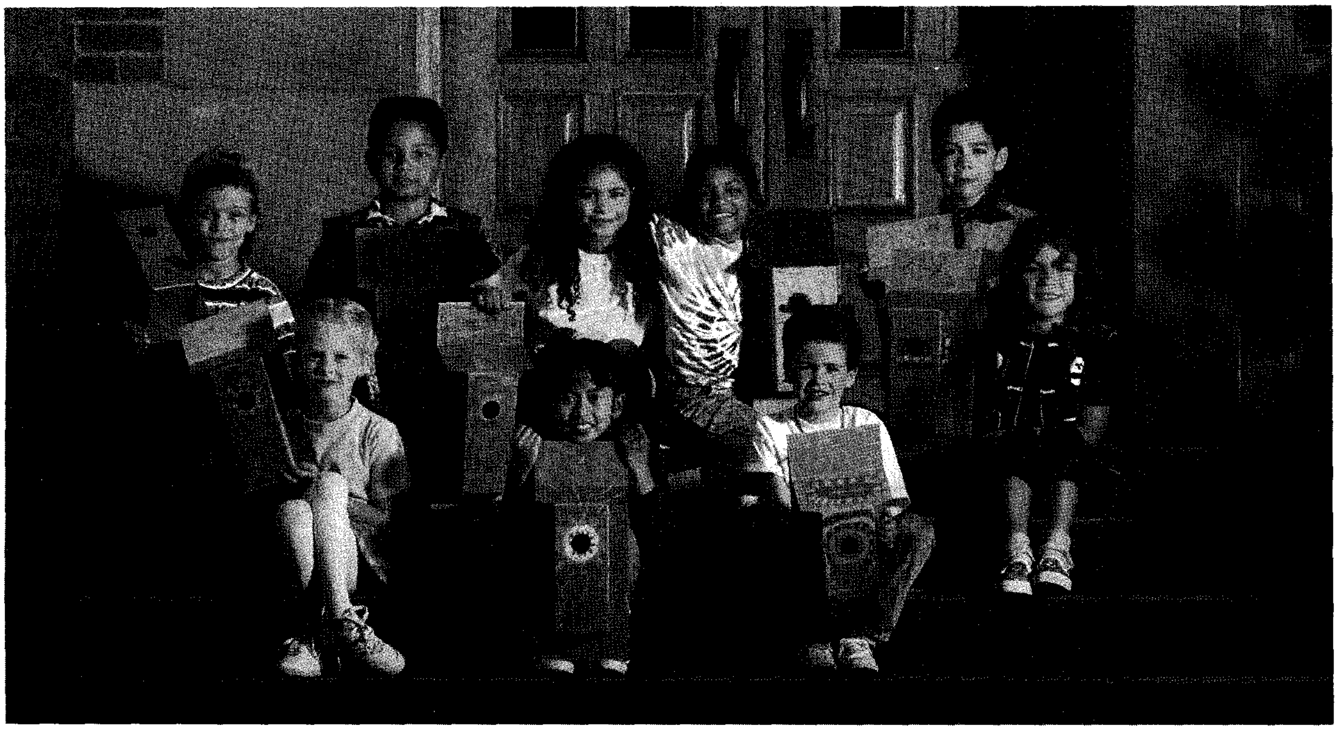

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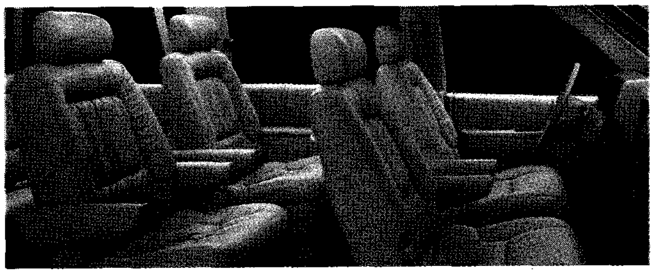

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